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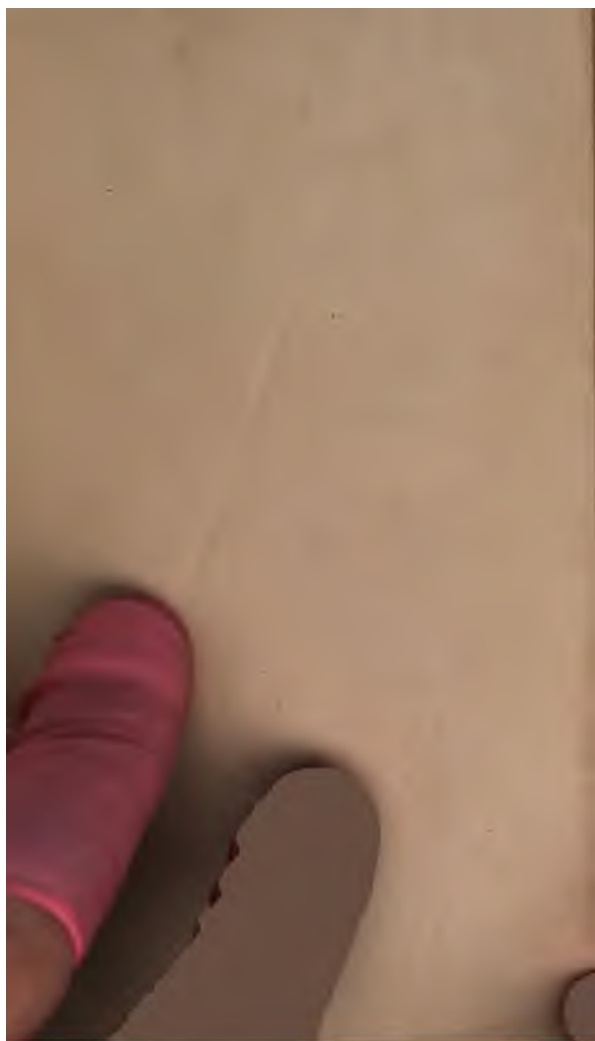


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HYMNS

FOR THE

LIFTING UP OF THE HEARTS

OF

GOD'S PEOPLE,

IN

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, FAMILY AND SECRET
DEVOTION.

"Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and
unto the Lamb."—Rev. vii, 10.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW ;

AND SOLD BY R. LINDOP, SANDBACH.

1834.

163.



ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

SANDBACH : PRINTED BY R. LINDOP.

PREFACE.

“ THE singing of Psalms and Hymns has ever constituted a delightful part of Divine Worship.

In the lowest state of the Church of Christ, when the sufferings of our blessed Saviour were at hand, Himself and the company of His disciples followed the custom of adding praise to their devotions ; and from the practice of Paul and Silas, as well as from the very explicit instructions recorded in the New Testament, and from the testimony of the younger Pliny, we find, that ‘ the first Christians were wont to edify themselves in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.’ ” At the era of the Reformation, when the Gospel, long hid, was to be restored to us,—when, rescued from the motley and meretricious disguisements of the Romish ceremonial, it was to shine forth afresh in all the pure and primitive beauty of holiness, the Reformers found in Psalmody the most elevating of virtuous excitements, and the strongest bond of congregational union.

But highly valuable as the compositions of the sweet Psalmist of Israel confessedly are, yet it has been long and generally acknowledged that to a *Christian Congregation*, something was still wanting in this department of Public worship, which, “ in addition to the holy effusions of the Old Testament, may convey that

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clearer view of God's dispensations, those astonishing hopes, and consoling promises, which are supplied by the inspired penmen of the New. For, although, in sublime description of the attributes and perfections of the Almighty, in earnestness of supplication, and in warmth of adoration, the royal Psalmist must ever stand unrivalled, yet his evangelical knowledge was necessarily incomplete, because the day-spring had not yet dawned from on high : (Luke i, 78.) Even under the influence of prophetic inspiration, David saw, but as " through a glass darkly," the saving truths of Redemption and Sanctification. These truths, therefore, taught as they were by Christ and His Apostles, and illustrated by the great transactions of His life and death, may surely form in a *Christian Congregation* as fit subjects for devotional melodies, as the events of Jewish history and the precepts of the Mosaic Law suggested to the holy Psalmist."

These interesting and all important topics are prominently held forth to view in the present compilation, which is full of the 'glorious Gospel of the blessed God;' therefore are the Hymns contained therein as "much more illustrious than those of the son of Jesse, who only knew 'the power and glory' of Jehovah as he had 'seen them in the sanctuary,' which was but the shadow of the New Testament Church,—as the face of Moses, holding communion with God, was brighter than the veil which he cast over it when conversing with his countrymen."

Surely there lives not a Christian who thinks scorn of the sacred employment of singing. In every age, and every clime, in all the changes and chances of life, it is the appropriate language of the devotional spirit, the natural expression of religious gratitude.—(1 Sam. ii. Isaiah xxxviii, 20. 1 Chron. xiii, 8 ; xvi, 8-36. 2 Chron. v, 13. Luke i. 46—55.)

It has been the pious recreation of the merry, (James v, 13,) the midnight solace of the captive, (Acts xvi, 25,) the animating farewell of the martyr, (Huss, Jerome of Prague, &c.) It has lent its aid to record the thanksgiving of the legislator, (Deut. xxxii,) and of the conqueror, (Judges, v,) to grace the marriage festival, (Psalm xlv,) and to consecrate the memory of the mighty fallen, (2 Sam. i, 19.) It has been the employment of patriarchs and prophets, of priests and kings, of apostles and angels, yes, and of one (Matt. xxvi, 30,) exalted “far above all principality and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come,” (Ephes. i, 21,) even of the ‘blessed and incarnate Son of God.’

At the creation of man, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ; (Job xxxviii, 7,) at his redemption, the glad tidings were chaunted by a multitude of the heavenly host : (Luke ii, 13) and at the final consummation of his being, when “all must appear before the judgment seat of Christ,” (2 Cor. v, 10,) it may be that “the spirits of

just men made perfect " shall be welcomed into the portals of the New Jerusalem by " the harps of God," and by the voice of choral symphony :—called to see their Saviour face to face, and to serve Him day and night, it may be that they shall join the innumerable company of angels, and sing the new song, saying, " Blessing, and honor, and glory and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." (Rev. v. 13.)

As the workings of the heart of man, and of the Spirit of God, are in general the same in all who are the subjects of the riches of divine grace, it is earnestly hoped that this compilation will be acceptable to Christians of all denominations. With an humble prayer to Almighty God, " without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy," for His blessing upon it, this little work is offered to the service and acceptance of all who " love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," of every name, and in every place, into whose hands it may fall, but more particularly it is dedicated to the members of Christ's mystical body in this Parish and neighbourhood, with the view of promoting their growth and establishment in the grace of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

RECTORY, LAWTON, *Dec.* 1833.

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HYMNS.

MORNING HYMNS.

HYMN 1.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to Christ, th' eternal King.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

HYMN 2.

LORD of my life, O may Thy praise
 Employ my noblest powers,
 Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
 And fills the circling hours.

Preserv'd by Thy Almighty arm,
 I passed the shades of night,
 Serene, and safe from every harm,
 And see returning light.

While many spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains and woes ;
 In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
 And undisturb'd repose.

When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spr
 And I unconscious lay,
 Thy watchful care was round my bed,
 To guard my feeble clay.

O let the same Almighty care
 My waking hours attend ;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days ;
 And let Thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

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HYMN 3.

MY GOD, how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my pow'rs to Thy command ;
To Thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

EVENING HYMNS.

HYMN 4.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment day.

Oh, let my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make
 To serve my God, when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

HYMN 5.

IS there a time when moments flow,
 More lovelily than all beside ?
 It is of all the times below,
 A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
 The life of grace, the death of sin,
 With nature's placid woods and streams,
 Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene ! a world at rest,
 A God, all love, no grief, no fear ;
 A heav'nly hope, a peaceful breast,
 A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heav'n be ever felt below,
 A scene so heav'nly sure as this,
 May cause a heart on earth to know
 Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour ! how soon will night
 Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign ;
 And morrow's quick returning light,
 Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day ;
 A sun that never sets, shall rise :
 Night will not veil her ceaseless ray,
 The heav'nly Sabbath never dies.

HYMN 6.

INSPIRER, and hearer of prayer,
 Supporter and Guardian of Thine !
 My all to Thy covenant care
 I, sleeping, and waking, resign :
 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
 To watch while Thy saints are asleep ;
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep ;
 Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
 Repair to the stations assign'd,
 And angels elect are sent down,
 To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worship no interval knows,
 Their fervour is still on the wing ;
 And while they protect my repose,
 They chant to the praise of my King :

I too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join,
 And love, and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator, and mine.

HYMN 7.

O LORD, another day is flown
 And we, a lonely band,
 Are met once more before Thy throne,
 To bless Thy fost'ring hand.

And wilt Thou lend a list'ning ear
 To praises low as ours ?
 Thou wilt ! for Thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.

O let Thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease ;
 And shed abroad in every heart,
 Thine everlasting peace !

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely Thine,
 A flock by Jesus led ;
 The Sun of Holiness shall shine
 In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
 And Thou wilt bless our way ;
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall gre
 The dawn of lasting day.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

HYMN 8.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
 Come, and worship as ye sing,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant light :
 Come and worship, &c.

Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long with hope and fear ;
 Suddenly the Lord descending,
 In His temple should appear :
 Come and worship, &c.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd, for guilt, to endless pain ;
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you, break your chains :
 Come and worship, &c.

HYMN 9.

BRIGHTEST, and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where *our* infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
 Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden, and off'rings divine ;
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HYMN 10.

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
 The Saviour promis'd long !
 Let ev'ry heart exult in praise,
 And ev'ry voice in song.

On Him the Spirit largely pour'd,
 Exerts its sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held :
 To Him the gates of brass give way,
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 To make the wounded whole ;
 And with the treasures of His grace,
 To bless the contrite soul.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heav'ns eternal arches ring
 With glories of Thy name.

HYMN 11.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices :
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :
 " Glory in the highest, glory !
 Glory be to God most High.

" Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found ;
 Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven :—
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

" Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
 Heaven and earth His praises sing !
 O receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King !

" Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;
 Learn His name, and taste His joy ;
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most High ! "

HYMN 12.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King ;

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd.
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven ador'd ;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb :
 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see ;
 Hail th' Incarnate Deity !
 Pleas'd as Man with men t' appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel here.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Ris'n with healing in His wings :
 Mild He lays His glory by ;
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Come desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home :
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head :
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp Thine image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstall us in Thy love.

HYMN 13.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng ;
For angels no such love have known
T' awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo ! th' Incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Justice and grace with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
Now such a Child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains ?

HYMN 14.

OH SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below ;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe.

Incarnate Word ! by every grief,
 By each temptation tried,
 Who lived to yield our ills relief,
 And to redeem us, died !

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
 In dangerous wealth we dwell ;
 Remind us of Thy manger-bed,
 And lowly cottage cell !

If press'd by poverty severe,
 In envious want we pine,
 O may Thy Spirit whisper near,
 How poor a lot was Thine !

Through fickle fortune's various scene,
 From sin preserve us free !
 Like us, Thou hast a mourner been,
 May we rejoice with Thee !

HYMN 15.

LET Christians all with one accord
 Their loud hosannas sing,
 To Him who on this day was born—
 Their Saviour and their King !

In lowest state the Lord of heav'n
 His pilgrimage began ;
 Fit lesson of humility
 To His proud creature man,

Behold the Child, the holy Child,
 Born to atone for sin ;
 And let each ransom'd sinner's song
 In gratitude begin.

Glory to God on earth, on high,
 Peace and good-will to men ;
 And let the angels round the throne,
 Join in a loud Amen !

GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 16.

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sov'reign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, died
 For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While His dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And bathe my eyes in tears.

But tears and sighs can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 17.

AND did the Holy and the Just,
 The Sov'reign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise.

Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprising mercy ! love unknown !)
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

He took the dying sinner's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead ;
 For man, (O miracle of grace !)
 For man the Saviour bled !

Jesus, my soul adoring bends
 To love, so full, so free ;
 And may I hope *that* love extends
 Its saving pow'r to me ?

What glad returns can I impart
 For favours so divine ?
 O take my all,—this worthless heart !—
 And make it only Thine.

HYMN 18.

BOUND upon th' accursed tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,

By the side so deeply pierc'd,
 By the baffled, burning, thirst,
 By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
 Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

By the last and bitter cry ;
 The ghost given up in agony ;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead ;
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
 Crucified ! we know Thee now,
 Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

By the prayer for them that slew,
 " Lord ! they know not what they do !"
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints before His throne,
 By the rainbow round His brow,
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

HYMN 19.

CHRIST, our passover, is slain,
 To set His people free,
 Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
 And Pharoah's tyranny.
 Lord, that we may now depart,
 And truly serve our pard'ning God :
 Sprinkle every house and heart
 With Thine atoning blood.

Let the angel of the Lord,
 His awful charge fulfil ;
 Let his pestilential sword
 The first-born victims kill :
 Safe in snares and death we dwell,
 Protected by that crimson sign,
 From the rage of earth and hell,
 And from the wrath divine.

Wilt Thou not a difference make,
 Between Thy friend and foe,
 Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
 And grace to Israel shew ?
 Know'st Thou not, most righteous God,
 We on the paschal Lamb rely ?
 See us cover'd with the blood,
 And pass Thy people by.

HYMN 20.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
 " It is finish'd !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry !

" It is finish'd !" Oh what pleasure
 Do those gracious words afford !
 Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 " It is finish'd !"
 Saints, the dying words record.

Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs !
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth, and all in heav'n,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name !
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

HYMN 21.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
 He conquer'd when He fell :
 " 'Tis finish'd," said His dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.

" 'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done ;
 Hence shall His sov'reign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.

His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When through the regions of the dead
 He pass'd, to reach the crown.

Exalted at His Father's side,
 Sits our victorious Lord :
 To heav'n and hell His hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.

The saints, from His propitious eye,
 Await their several crowns,
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of His frowns.

HYMN 22.

" IT is finish'd," sinners, hear it ;

'Tis the dying Victor's cry :

" It is finish'd," angels bear it,

Bear the joyful truth on high !

" It is finish'd !"

Tell it through the earth and sky !

Hear the Lord Himself declaring

All performed He came to do ;

Sinners, in yourselves despairing,

This is joyful news to you ;

Jesus speaks it ;

His are faithful words and true.

Crown the mighty Conq'ror, crown Him,

Who all His people's foes o'ercame !

In the highest heaven enthrone Him !

Men and angels sound His fame !

Hallelujah !

Glory to Immanuel's name !

HYMN 23.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me !

Let me hide myself in Thee !

Let the water and the blood,

From Thy wounded side which flow'd,

Be of sin the double cure ;

Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labour of my hands

Can fulfil Thy law's demands :

Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Black, I to the fountain fly :
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes are clos'd in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me !
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

HYMN 24.

'TIS finish'd ! the Messiah dies :
 Cut off for sins, but not His own !
 Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,
 The great redeeming work is done.

Finish'd the first transgression is,
 And purg'd the guilt of actual sin :
 And everlasting righteousness
 Is brought for all His people in.

'Tis finish'd, all my guilt and pain ;
 I want no sacrifice beside :
 For me, for me, the Lamb is slain,
 And I'm for ever justified.

Sin, death, and hell, are now subdu'd ;
 All grace is now to sinners giv'n ;
 And, lo, I plead th' atoning blood,
 For pardon, holiness, and heav'n.

HYMN 25.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
 The wine press treads alone :
 Tears the graves and mountains up,
 By His expiring groan,
 So the power of heaven He shakes :
 Nature in convulsion lies ;
 Earth's profoundest centre quakes ;
 The great Jehovah dies.

Well may heaven be clothed in black
 And solemn sackcloth wear :
 Jesu's agonies partake ;
 The hour of darkness share :
 Mourn the astonish'd hosts above ;
 Silence saddens all the skies ;
 Kindler of seraphic love,
 The God of angels dies !

Weep o'er your desire and hope,
 With tears of humblest love :
 Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
 And reigns enthron'd above :
 Lives our Head, to die no more ;
 Pow'r is all to Jesus given ;
 Worshipp'd as He was before,
 The immortal King of heaven.

RESURRECTION.

HYMN 26.

“ CHRIST the Lord is ris’n to day,”
 Sons of men and angels say !
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing ye heav’ns, and earth reply.

Love’s redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won ;
 Lo ! our Sun’s eclipse is o’er,
 Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids His rise,
 Christ hath open’d Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King,
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Once He died our souls to save,
 Where thy victory, O grave ?

King of glory ! soul of bliss !
 Everlasting life is this—
 Thee to know—Thy pow’r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

HYMN 27.

HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem’s daughters weep around :
 A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come sinners ! trace in sad review
 His grief, who bow'd, beneath your load ;
 He gave His anguish'd life for you,
 Pour'd forth in streams of richest blood.

Yet, see ! the Lord forsakes the tomb ;
 In vain His foes forbid His rise ;
 Angelic legions guard Him home,
 And shout His welcome to the skies.

Cease, cease your tears, ye saints, and tell,
 How high your great Deliv'rer reigns :
 Sing, how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the captive Death in chains.

Sing, " Live for ever, wondrous King !
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
 " Thine arm has torn from death its sting,
 " And snatch'd the victory from the grave."

HYMN 28.

HAIL ! the day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah,
 Glorious to His native skies !
 Christ, a while to mortals giv'n,
 Enters now the highest heav'n.

There the glorious triumph waits—
 Lift your heads, eternal gates !
 Christ has vanquish'd death and sin,
 Take the King of glory in.

Lo ! the heav'n its Lord receives !
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;—
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own !

Still for us He intercedes,
 His prevailing death He pleads :
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.

O ! though parted from our sight,
 Far above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking Thee above the skies.

HYMN 29.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
 That cloth'd Himself in clay ;
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the King of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose :
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.

See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to His Father flies,
 With scars of honour in His flesh,
 And triumph in His eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters blessings down ;
 Our Jesus fills the middle seat
 Of the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach His blest abode,
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.

HYMN 30.

THE Lord is ris'n indeed
 And bids His members rise :
 Ye saints by Jesus freed,
 Pursue Him to the skies :
 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
 Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

On this triumphant day
 Peculiarly His own,
 He calls His church to pray
 And sing around His throne ;
 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
 Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

Jesus to us impart
 Thy resurrection's pow'r,
 And teach our quicken'd heart
 Its living Lord t' adore,
 To view with the redeem'd above,
 Rejoicing in Thy pard'ning love.

Us by Thy grace assure,
 Thou dost our sins forgive,
 And then our spirits pure
 Unto Thyself receive,
 To keep the day of rest above,
 Rejoicing in Thy heavenly love.

HYMN 31.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more :
 The light which scatters all your fears,
 Your rising God, adore !

The saints, when He resign'd His breath,
 Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;
 He breaks again the bands of death,
 Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race He ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod :
 He groans, He dies,—behold the Man !
 He lives, behold the God !

In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,
 Forbid the Lord to rise ;
 He breaks the gates of death and hell,
 And opens Paradise !

SACRAMENT.

HYMN 32.

ISRAEL'S Shepherd ! guide me, feed me,
 Through my pilgrimage below ;
 And beside the waters lead me,
 Where Thy flock, rejoicing go :
 Could I wander, fear disdaining,
 Could I quit the sheltering fold ?
 Heedless of Thy grace constraining,
 In the strength of nature bold.

No : Thy guardian presence ever,
 Meekly kneeling I implore ;
 I have found Thee, and would never,
 Never wander from Thee more :

O how sweet, how comfortable,
 In this wilderness to see
 Such provision, and a table
 Spread for sinners, yea, for me !

There Thy bounty still partaking,
 Bread and consecrated wine ;
 Freely all things else forsaking,
 I behold the Saviour mine :
 In that bruised body broken,
 In the shedding of that blood,
 What a gracious pledge and token,
 Lord, have we for every good !

Come, my soul, temptation flying,
 Arm thee for the strife within :
 Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,
 Stamps an infamy on sin ;
 Yield, my heart, no longer harden'd,
 Rouse thy every latent pow'r !
 Cleansed, and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
 Go in peace, and sin no more.

HYMN 33.

MY GOD, and is Thy table spread ?
 And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all Thy goodness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of His flesh and blood !
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

Oh let Thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests !
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes !

Drawn by Thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
 In thronging numbers let them come ;
 And gather from their Father's board
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

HYMN 34.

SINNERS obey the Gospel-word,
 Haste to the supper of your Lord ;
 Be wise to know your gracious day :
 All things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own
 And kiss His late-returning son :
 Ready the pard'ning Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you His bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of His love
 Just now the stony heart to move,
 T' apply and witness with the blood,
 And wash, and seal you sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate :
 " Tuning their harps they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace."

Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
 To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 And taste the fulness of His grace.

HYMN 35.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
There mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry humble guest.

See Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, He bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.

In Him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come :
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

O come, and with His children taste
The blessings of His love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There with united heart, and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 36.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,

This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be,
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes;
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee :—

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

HYMN 37.

BREAD of the world in mercy broken !
Wine of the soul in mercy shed !
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead !

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
 And be Thy feast to us a token,
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed !

HYMN 38.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
 With Christ within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores.

While all our hearts and all our songs
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
 " Lord, why was I a guest ?

" Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
 " And enter while there's room ;
 " When thousands make a wretched choice,
 " And rather starve than come ?"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in ;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.

Pity the nations, O our God !
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send Thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the stranger home.

HYMN 39.

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie ;

If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh :

O ! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe !

While yet His anguish'd soul survey'd,
Those pangs He would not flee ;
What love His latest words display'd,
“ Meet, and remember me ! ”

Remember Thee ! Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share !
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But His recorded there !

HYMN 40.

THE King of heaven His table spreads,
And dainties crown the board ;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

Yet is His house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come !
 Nor could the wide o'erspreading world
 O'erfill the spacious room.

All things are ready ; come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame :
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

D E A T H .

HYMN 41.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling, I cry, sweet Spirit, come !
 " Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 " But swell my sails, and speed my way !
 " Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 " And loose my cable from below ;
 " But I can only spread my sail ;
 " Thou, Thou must breathe th' auspicious ga

HYMN 42.

GREAT GOD, I own Thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay :
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow-clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs ;
 For Jesus, my Redeemer, lives ;
 My God, my Saviour, comes.

The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all His foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at His feet.

HYMN 43.

HEAV'N hath confirm'd the great decree,
 That Adam's race must die ;
 One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
 And low in dust they lie.

Ye living men, survey the tomb,
 Where you must quickly dwell :
 Hark, how the awful summons sounds
 In every funeral knell.

Once you must die—and once for all,
 The solemn purport weigh ;
 For know, that heaven or hell depends,
 On that important day.

Those eyes, though long in darkness veil'd,
 Must wake, the Judge to see ;
 And ev'ry deed, and word, and thought,
 Must pass His scrutiny.

May we in Thee, the Judge, behold,
 Our Saviour and our Friend ;
 And far above the reach of death,
 With all Thy saints ascend.

HYMN 44.

THERE is a house not made with hands
 A lasting, heav'nly home,
 And here my watching spirit stands,
 Till God shall bid it come.

Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolv'd and fall :
 Then, O my soul ! with joy obey
 Thy heav'nly Father's call.

'Tis He, by His Almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heav'n ;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Has His own Spirit giv'n.

We walk by faith of joys to come ;
 Faith lives upon His word ;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
 But we had rather see ;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with Thee.

HYMN 45.

THOU art gone to the grave,—but we will not
 thee,
 Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass thee
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
 gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold
thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side :
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and its mansion
forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy
waking,

And the song which thou heard'st, was the
seraphims' song.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to
deplore thee,

When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy
Guide ;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore
thee,

Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath
died.

HYMN 46.

WHY do ye mourn departing friends,

Or shake at death's alarms ?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends

To call them to His arms !

Are we not tending upward too

As fast as time can move ?

Nor should we wish the hours more slow

To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a sweet perfume.

The graves of all His saints are bless'd
 And soften'd ev'ry bed :
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head ?

HYMN 47.

HARK ! a voice divides the sky,—
 Happy are the faithful dead !
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed.
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest :
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.

Follow'd by their works, they go
 Where their Head hath gone before ;
 Reconcil'd by grace below,
 Grace had open'd Mercy's door ;
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven ;
 Here they laid their burthen down,
 Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.

Born into the world above,
 Saints their happy brother greet :
 Bear him to the throne of love,
 Place him at the Saviour's feet :

Jesus smiles, and says, " Well done,
 " Good and faithful servant, thou ;
 " Enter, and receive thy crown ;
 " Reign with me triumphant now."

F U N E R A L.

HYMN 48.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head
 Is equal warning given ;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 Above us is the heaven.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,
 And death descend in sudden night
 On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly towards the tomb,
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come ?

Come, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given,
 The bones that underneath thee lie,
 Shall live for hell, or heaven.

HYMN 49.

HARK ! 'tis the bell with solemn toll,
 That speaks the spirit's flight
 From earth to realms of endless day,
 Of everlasting light.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
 Sin's awful curse demands ;
 O well ! if pure before the throne
 The soul accepted stands.

O well !—for if uncleans'd from guilt,
 Through Christ's atoning blood,
 With what dismay she now beholds
 The presence of her God !

To live through an eternal death,
 Eternal woe to bear !—
 Father of mercy ! God of grace !
 Inspire, and hear our prayer.

From sin, the sting of death, and hell,
 From enmity to Thee,
 Extend Thine own Almighty arm,
 To set the bond-slaves free.

HYMN 50.

OFT as the bell with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul,
 Let each one ask himself, "Am I
 "Prepared, should I be call'd to die ?"

Then leaving all I lov'd below,
 To God's tribunal I must go,—
 Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state.

Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,
 And seek my hope alone in Thee ;
 Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,
 Subdue my sin, and let me live.

Then when the solemn bell I hear,
 If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
 Nor would the thought distressing be,
 " Perhaps it next may toll for me."

Rather, my spirit would rejoice,
 And long, and wish, to hear Thy voice ;
 Glad when it bids me earth resign,
 Secure of heav'n, if Thou art mine.

HYMN 51.

O YE, who, with the silent tear
 And sadden'd step assemble here,
 To bear these cold, these lov'd remains,
 Where dark and cheerless silence reigns ;
 Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
 The Saviour lives,—and " all is well !"

Those eyes, indeed, are rayless now ;
 And pale that cheek, and chill that brow :
 Yet could that lifeless form declare
 The joys its soul is call'd to share,
 How would those lips rejoice to tell,
 The Saviour lives,—and " all is well !"

HYMN 52.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow ;
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
 Thou hast shed the human tear :
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sudden death-bell tolls
 For our own departed souls,
 When our final doom is near,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bow'd the dying head ;
 Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
 Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier :
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within
 With the thought of all its sin,
 When the Spirit shrinks with fear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

HYMN 53.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
 Quit, Oh quit this mortal frame,
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears ;
 Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring ;
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount : I fly !
 O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ?

J U D G M E N T .

HYMN 54.

AND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?

And from His righteous lips
 Shall this dread sentence sound :
 And thro' the num'rous guilty throng,
 Spread black despair around ?

“ Depart from me accurs’d
 To everlasting flame,
 For rebel-angels first prepar’d !
 Where mercy never came.”

How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heav’n, before His face,
 Astonish’d, shrink away ?

But, ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark ! from the Gospel’s cheering sound,
 What joyful tidings spread !

Ye sinners, seek His grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
 Fly to the shelter of His cross,
 And find salvation there.

HYMN 55.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark the trumpet’s awful sound,
 Louder than ten thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner’s heart confound !

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Cloth’d in Majesty divine !
 You who long for His appearing,
 Then shall say, “ This God is mine !”
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for Thine !

At His call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :
 All the pow'rs of nature shaken :
 From His looks prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner !
 What will then become of thee ?

Horrors past imagination
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 " Hence, accursed wretch, depart,
 Thou with Satan
 And his angels have thy part !"

But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, " Come, come ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow !
 You for ever
 Shall My love and glory know."

HYMN 56.

LO ! He comes with clouds descending ;
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven, and earth, shall flee away ;
 All who hate Him, must confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day,
 Come to Judgment !
 Come to Judgment ! come away !

Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air !
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

HYMN 57.

GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created ;
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before,—
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

The dead in Christ are first to rise,
 And greet th' Archangel's warning ;
 To meet the Saviour in the skies,
 On this auspicious morning ;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet Him.

Far over space, to distant spheres,
 The lightnings are prevailing ;

The ungodly rise, and all their tears,
 And sighs are unavailing.
 The day of grace is past and gone,
 They shake before the judgment throne,
 All unprepar'd to meet Him.

HYMN 58.

HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
 The awful midnight cry !
 Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
 And see the bridegroom nigh !
 Lo ! He comes to keep His word ;
 Light and joy His looks impart :
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
 And meet Him in your heart.

Ye, whose loins are girt, stand forth,
 Whose lamps are burning bright ;
 Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
 To walk with Him in white ;
 Jesus bids your hearts be clean ;
 Bids you all His promise prove :
 Jesus comes to cast out sin,
 And perfect you in love.

HYMN 59.

THAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay ?
 Whom shall he trust that dreadful day ?

When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll ;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

Oh ! on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away.

HYMN 60.

THE chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire :
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heav'ns with the burthen of Godhead are
 bow'd.

The glory ! the glory ! around Him are pour'd,
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord ;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

The trumpet ! the trumpet ! the dead have all heard ;
Lo ! the depths of the stone-cover'd monuments
 stirr'd !

From ocean and earth, from the south pole, and north,
Lo, the vast generation of ages come forth.

The judgment ! the judgment ! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met ;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

Oh mercy ! oh mercy ! look down from above,
Remember, on us, thy sad children, with love !
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven !

HYMN 61.

THE LORD shall come ! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come ! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came ;
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man and full of woes.

The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm ;
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by pow'r, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarine,—the crucified ?

While sinners in despair shall call,
“ Rocks hide us ; mountains, on us fall ! ”
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, “ The Lord is come ! ”

HYMN 62.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,

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Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;
 Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees,
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have you no words ? ah think again !
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
 With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplications sent,
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 " Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN 64.

The Word more precious than Gold.

PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford !
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword ;
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this, I need no more.

Food, to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never cloy's :
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed !

When my faith is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing med'cines here I find ;
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan cannot make me yield ;
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield ;
 While the Scripture truths are sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.

Vain his threats to overcome me,
 When I take the Spirit's sword ;
 Then with ease I drive him from me,
 Satan trembles at the Word ;
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,
 Keen the edge and strong the blade.

HYMN 65.

Value of the Bible.

HOLY Bible, book divine ;
 Precious treasure ! thou art mine :
 Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine, to teach me what I am :—

Mine to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine, to shew a Saviour's love !
 Mine art thou, to guide my feet ;
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit :

Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless :
 Mine, to show, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death !

Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel-sinner's doom :—
 O thou precious Book Divine :
 Heav'nly treasure ! thou art mine.

HYMN 66.

The Law and the Gospel.

WHEN a black o'erspreading cloud
 Has darken'd all the air,
 And peals of thunder, roaring loud,
 Proclaim the tempest near ;

Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,
 The sinner oft pursue ;
 A louder storm is heard within,
 And conscience thunders too.

The law a fiery language speaks,
 His danger he perceives ;
 Like Satan, who his ruin seeks,
 He trembles, and believes.

But when the sky serene appears,
 And hush'd the thunders roll,
 He soon forgets his vows and fears,
 In apathy of soul.

Lord, let Thy mercy find a way
 To touch each stubborn heart ;

That they may never hear Thee say,
 "Ye cursed ones, depart."

Believers, you may well rejoice !
 The thunder's loudest strains
 Should be to you a welcome voice,
 That tells you, "Jesus reigns."

HYMN 67.

Prayer for divine help.

JESUS, my Almighty Saviour,
 Prostrate at Thy feet I lie ;
 Humbly I entreat Thy favour,
 Condescend to hear me cry.

When I was to Thee a stranger,
 Wand'ring in forbidden ways,
 From the paths of sin and danger
 Thou didst call me by Thy grace.

Let not, then, my foes confound me ;
 Thou art all my help and hope ;
 Let Thy arms of love surround me,
 Let Thy mercy hold me up.

Still I need Thy gracious keeping ;
 Sin and hell my faith assail ;
 Oft my days are spent in weeping,
 Lest my foes should yet prevail.

Grant me Thy divine direction
 In the way that I should go :
 Let Thy hand be my protection
 From the pow'r of ev'ry foe ;—

Gracious Saviour, never leave me,
 While my toils and conflicts last ;
 To Thy kind embrace receive me,
 When the storms of life are past !

HYMN 68.

For a New Heart.

OH ! for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free,
 A heart that's sprinkled with Thy blood,
 So freely shed for me.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne :
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean !
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within.

A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new blest name of Love.

HYMN 69.

For Divine Guidance.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;
 Bread of Heaven,
 Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow,
 Let Thy fiery, cloudy, pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
 Bid my anxious fears subside !
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side !
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

HYMN 70.

Divine Love.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown !

Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art,
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry tremb'ling heart.

Breathe, Oh ! breathe Thy loving spirit
 Into every troubl'd breast !
 Let us all Thy peace inherit,
 Let us find Thy promis'd rest !

Come, Almighty, to deliver ;
 Let us all Thy life receive :
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temple leave.

Finish now Thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secur'd by Thee.

Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 71.

Providence.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and shall break,
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord with feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace :

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

HYMN 72.

For faith in Christ.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from God's sacred Word,
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

My soul obeys the sacred call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
Oh ! help my unbelief.

To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Teach me, O Lord, to fly ;
There may I wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest die.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On Thy kind arms I fall ;
 Be Thou my strength, and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN 73.

Lord, remember me.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to Thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me !

When, groaning on my burthen'd heart,
 My sins lie heavily,
 My pardon speak, and peace impart,
 In love, remember me !

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee ;
 Oh ! give me strength, Lord, as my day,
 For good, remember me !

Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body see,
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
 Hear, and remember me !

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
 Shame and reproaches be,
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If Thou remember me.

The hour is near, consign'd to death,
 I own the just decree :
 Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me !

HYMN 74.

Fervent Devotion desired.

COME Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys ;
 Our souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys.

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great !

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs !
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 75.

Walking with God.

OH ! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and His word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;
 How sweet their mem'ry still !

But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 76.

Christ the best Friend.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end !
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us,
Reconcil'd in Him to God :
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a friend in need.

O, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;

We alas ! forget too often
 What a friend we have above ;
 But, when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

HYMN 77.

Sinners invited to Christ.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of mercy join'd with pow'r ;
 He is able,
 He is willing ; doubt no more.

Ho ! ye needy, come, and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh ;
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him ;
 This He gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Agonizing in the garden
 Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold Him :
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,
 " It is finish'd ! "
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?

HYMN 78.

Fountain opened.

THERE is a fountain, fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see,
 That fountain in His day,
 And there would I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose it's pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God,
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy pow'r to save
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in 'the grave.

HYMN 79.

God's omniscience.

LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown ?
 In hell they meet Thy dreadful fire,
 In heav'n Thy glorious throne.

Should I suppress my vital breath,
 T' escape Thy wrath divine,
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,
 And make the grave resign.

If wing'd with beams of morning light,
 I fly beyond the west ;
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,
 Would there surprise my rest.

If o'er my sins I think to draw
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes that guard Thy law,
 Would turn the shades to light.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to Thee ;
 O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
 From which I cannot flee.

HYMN 80.

The dying sinner seeking mercy.

THOU man of griefs, remember me,
 Who never cans't Thyself forget,
 Thy last mysterious agony,
 Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat.

When wrestling in the strength of pray'r,
 Thy Spirit sunk beneath its load ;
 Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
 The wrath of an Almighty God.

Father, if I may call Thee so,
 Regard my feeble heart's desire ;

Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire !

To Thee my last distress I bring ;
The heighten'd fear of death I find !
The tyrant, with his direful sting
Appears, and hell is close behind.

I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from Thee ;
O save, and give me to Thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

HYMN 81.

The Christian pilgrim.

PILGRIM, burthen'd with thy sin,
Come away to Sion's gate,
There, till Jesus lets thee in,
Knock, and weep, and hope, and wait.

Knock !—He knows the sinner's cry ;
Weep !—He loves the mourner's tears ;
Hope !—for saving grace is nigh ;
Wait !—till heav'nly light appears.

Hark ! it is the bridegroom's voice ;
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest ;
Now, within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest !

Safe—from all the lures of vice,
Seal'd—by signs the chosen know,
Bought—by love, and life the price,
Blest—the mighty debt we owe.

Weary pilgrim ! what for thee,
 In a world like this remains ?
 From thy trembling breast shall flee,
 Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pains.

Fear—by hope of heav'n shall fly,
 Shame—from glory's view retire,
 Doubt—in certain rapture die,
 Pains—in endless bliss expire.

HYMN 82.

Devotion to God.

I HAVE trembled with emotion,
 Bending at Thy holy shrine ;
 And my heart's absorb'd devotion,
 Lord ! has been entirely Thine :
 I have poured my soul before Thee,
 Spirit-humbled on my knees ;
 And have waken'd to adore Thee,
 All my being's energies.

I have laid my wearied head
 On Thy sacred book of rest,
 When my quivering lips have read
 The high promise of the blest :
 Nature faints beneath the splendour
 Of Thine unveil'd words of truth ;
 While to that pure pledge I render
 The deep homage of my youth.

Through the mists of earthly sorrow
 I have raised mine eyes to Thee,
 I have marked a happier morrow
 Bosom'd in eternity ;

There in ceaseless brightness beaming,
 Lie the scenes of blessedness ;
 Floods of light, with rapture streaming—
 Glories—nothing can express.

HYMN 83.

The unconsoled penitent.

JESUS, my hiding-place, to Thee
 I know not how to fly,
 Long have I struggled to be free,
 Nor found deliv'rance nigh.

O ! who shall bid this self depart,
 This world of sin exclude :
 Employ, and make my peaceful heart
 An holy solitude ?

'Tis not the desert or the cell,
 Can hide me from my pain :
 I carry with me my own hell,
 While pride and wrath remain.

Baffled, o'ercome, I yield at last,
 I yield to self-despair ;
 My unavailing strife is past,
 And void returns my pray'r.'

A vile, unworthy worm, my eyes
 I feebly lift to heav'n ;
 On my dark heart, pure light, arise,
 And speak my sins forgiv'n.

HYMN 84.

The happy change.

HOW blest Thy creature is, O Lord,
 When with a single eye
 He views the lustre of Thy word,—
 “The day-spring from on high.”

Through all the storms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things,
 The Sun of righteousness he eyes,
 With healing on His wings.

The soul, a dreary province, once,
 Of Satan's dark domain,
 Feels a new empire form'd within,
 And owns a heav'nly reign.

HYMN 85.

Christ the Hope of Glory.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light ;
 Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Day-spring from on high, be near,
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and dreary is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see :
 Till Thou inward light impart,
 Cheer mine eyes, and warm mine heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Tell me, Radiance divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief.
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN 86.

Hope encouraged by a view of divine goodness.

WHY sinks my weak desponding mind ?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
 Can Sov'reign Goodness be unkind ?
 And I not safe, if God is nigh ?

'Tis He supports this fainting frame,
 On Him alone my hopes recline ;
 The wondrous glories of His name,
 How wide they spread, how bright they shine !

My God, if Thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave ;
 A present help in times of need :
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

Forgive my doubts, O Gracious Lord,
 And ease the sorrows of my breast :
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 Thou, Thou art mine—and I am blest.

HYMN 87.

Joyful resignation.

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
 And on Thy care depend ;

To Thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near ;
A fountain which will ever run,
With waters sweet and clear ?

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

HYMN 88.

The awakened sinner.

LONG did my soul in Jesus' form,
No comeliness or beauty see ;
His sacred word, by others priz'd,
Was tasteless still, and dead, to me.

Men call'd me Christian, and my heart
On that delusion fondly stay'd :
Moral my hopes, my Saviour, self,—
Till mighty grace the cheat display'd.

Thanks to the hand, that wak'd my dream,
That shew'd me wretched, naked, poor,
That sweetly led me to the rock,
Where Christ's salvation stands secure.

Glad, I forsook self-righteous pride,
 My moral, tarnish'd, sinful, dress ;
 Exchang'd my dross away for Christ,
 And found the robe of righteousness.

HYMN 89.

Lift up your hearts.

THE heav'ns invite mine eye :
 The stars salute me round ;
 Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
 Thus grov'ling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,
 And make attempts to fly :
 O ! for the wings of faith and love,
 To raise my soul on high.

Beyond those crystal vaults,
 And all their sparkling balls ;
 They are but porches to Thy courts,
 The paintings on Thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you ;
 Heav'n is my native air :
 I bid my friends a short adieu,
 Impatient to be there.

HYMN 90.

Hope in sorrow.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
 And mourns the present pain ;
 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain.

'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
 And dread a Father's will ;
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,
 And would not suffer still :—

It is that harass'd conscience feels
 The pangs of struggling sin ;
 And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
 And ends the strife within :—

It is that heav'n-born faith surveys,
 The path that leads to light ;
 And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
 And lose herself in sight :—

It is that hope with ardour glows,
 To see Him face to face !
 Whose dying love no language knows,
 Sufficient art to trace.

HYMN 91.

Christ's light cheering to the doubting soul.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears ;
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of Thee !

O ! let me then at length be taught—
 What I am still so slow to learn—

That "God is love," and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn !—

But, O my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious worm is still.

HYMN 92.

Light arising out of darkness.

CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
Your pilgrim path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true ;

Why move ye thus with ling'ring tread,
A doubtful, mourning band ?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
Why fails the feeble hand ?

Oh ! wish to know the Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care ;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.

The Lord of light though veil'd awhile
He hides His noontide ray,
Shall yet in lovelier beauty smile,
To gild the closing day.

HYMN 93.

Stand firm in Christ's battle.

HARK ! how the watchmen cry !
Attend the trumpet's sound :

Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.

Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare :
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

Go up with Christ, your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow the Saviour, and be led
To certain victory.

All pow'r to Him is giv'n,
He ever reigns the same ;
Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,
Are all in Jesu's name.

HYMN 94.

God a refuge in trouble.

THEN the Lord's supporting power
Brightest to His saints appears,
When affliction's threat'ning hour
Fills their skies with clouds and fears ;
He can wonders thus perform,
Paint a rainbow on the storm.

All their graces doubly shine,
When their troubles press them sore ;
And the promises divine
Give them joys unknown before ;
As the colours of the bow,
To the cloud their brightness owe.

HYMN 95.

Narrow the way that leadeth unto life.

NARROW the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high ;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdu'd.

Lord, can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN 96.

Lamenting a separation from God.

WHERE is now that glowing love,
That mark'd my union with the Lord ?
When fix'd alone on things above,
The world could not one joy afford.

Where is the zeal that led me then
To make my Saviour's glory known ;
That freed me from the fear of men,
And kept my eye on Him alone ?

Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with Him I lov'd ?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then I prov'd ?

Behold, again I turn to Thee,
 O cast me not away, though vile !
 No peace I have, no joy I see,
 O Lord my God, but in Thy smile.

HYMN 97.

Gospel comforts.

WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward and attend
 The whispers of His love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down ;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

'Tis sweet to think, how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember, that His blood
 My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in His righteousness to stand,
 And see my hope secure ;
 And sweet to feel, from day to day,
 His Spirit's quick'ning power.

HYMN 98.

Welcome the cross.

'TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all ;
 This is happiness to me.

Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear,
 I should prove a cast-away ?

Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r,
 Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 99.

" Tho' He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the plenteous ear ;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green untimely fruit.

Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store :
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall :

Should Thine alter'd hand restrain
 The early, and the latter rain ;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy.

Yet to Thee our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise :
 And when ev'ry blessing's flown,
 Love Thee, for Thyse'lf alone.

HYMN 100.

Call to repentance.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself, that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
 Will ye slight His grace, and die ?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why ?
 He who all your life hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not His grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 Why, you long sought sinners, why,
 Will you grieve your God, and die ?

Dead, already dead, within,
 Spiritually dead in sin,
 Dead to God, while here you breathe,
 Pant you after second death ?

Will ye still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain ?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye for ever die ?

HYMN 101.

For the presence of God in the Sanctuary.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
 And to Thy courts repair ;
 Again with joyful feet we come
 To meet our Saviour there.

Great Shepherd of Thy people ! hear ;
 Thy presence now display ;
 We stand within Thy house of pray'r :
 O give us hearts to pray.—

The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
 In pity, Lord, remove,
 Dispose our minds to hear aright
 The message of Thy love ;

Help us with holy fear and joy,
 To kneel before Thy face :
 And may the children of Thy pow'r,
 Be children of Thy grace.

HYMN 102.

“Who is the King of Glory.”

YE, who dwell in heav'n, declare
 Who the King of Glory is ;
 Who is first and highest there ?
 His the pow'r, the kingdom His.

'Tis the Lamb, the Lamb alone,
 Claims the title justly His,
 He it is that fills the throne,
 He the King of Glory is.

Blessed news ! the Lamb is King ;
 Glorious truth ! He reigns alone ;
 Come, ye saints, your tribute bring,
 Bow before the Saviour's throne.

Let the world deride His claim,
 Let the world refuse to bow ;
 Angels triumph in His name,
 All in heav'n adore Him now.

Jesus, hail ! whom angels sing,
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Reign for ever, glorious King,
 Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.

HYMN 103.

" Even so, come Lord Jesus."

FLY, ye seasons, fly still faster,
 Let the glorious day come on
 When we shall behold our Master
 Seated on His heavenly throne ;
 When the Saviour
 Shall descend to claim His own.

What is earth with all its treasures
 To the joy the gospel brings ?
 Well may we resign its pleasures,
 Jesus gives us better things :
 All His people
 Draw from heav'ns eternal springs.

But if *here* we taste of pleasure,
 What will Heav'n itself afford ?
 There, our joy will know no measure,
 There we shall behold our Lord ;
 There, His people
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

HYMN 104.

The prayer of childhood in poverty.

THY throne, O God, in righteousness
 For ever shall endure,
 We bow before it, deign to bless
 The children of the poor.

Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
 Yet we Thy goodness share,
 Still make us, while we dwell on earth
 The children of Thy care.

Thou art our Shepherd, Glorious God,
 Thy little flock behold,
 And guide us by Thy staff and rod
 The children of Thy fold.

We praise Thy name that we are brought
 To this Thy holy place,
 That we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
 The children of Thy grace.

O may our kind instructors here,
 Be recompens'd above,
 And they and we in heav'n appear,
 The children of Thy love.

HYMN 105.

Acquaintance with God.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal ! acquaint thee with
God ;

And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy
road ;

And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy
head ;

And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal ! acquaint thee with
God ;

And He shall be with thee when fears are
abroad ;

Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy, in the valley and shadow of death.

HYMN 106.

Seeking for full redemption.

WHEN, my Saviour shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to Thee ?
Poor, and vile in my own eyes ?
Only in Thy wisdom wise ?

Only Thee content to know,—
Ignorant of all below ?
Only guided by Thy light ?
Only mighty in Thy might ?

So I may Thy Spirit know,
Let Him as He listeth blow ;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with Thee be one.

Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness ;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove,
 All the depths of humble love !

HYMN 107.

Breathing for the Spirit.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, Thyself impart ;
 Every fainting soul inspire ;
 Shine in every drooping heart ;
 Every mournful sinner cheer ;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
 Son of God, appear, appear !
 To Thy human temples come :

Come, in this accepted hour :
 Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in !
 Fill us with the glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin !
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less ;
 Be Thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace !

HYMN 108.

Prayer for Sanctification.

NOW, e'en now, I yield, I yield,
 With all my sins to part :
 Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
 And purify my heart !

Purge the love of sin away !
 Then I into nothing fall ;
 Then I see the perfect day ;
 And Christ is all in all.

Jesus, now our hearts inspire
 With that pure love of Thine ;
 Kindle now the heav'nly fire,
 To brighten and refine ;
 Purify our faith like gold ;
 All the dross of sin remove ;
 Melt our spirits down and mould
 Into Thy perfect love !

HYMN 109.

For the Kingdom of Christ.

LAMB of God, who bear'st away
 All the sins of all mankind,
 Bow a nation to Thy sway ;—
 While we may acceptance find,
 Let us thankfully embrace
 The last offers of Thy grace !

Thou Thy messengers hast sent,
 Joyful tidings to proclaim,
 Willing we should all repent,
 Know salvation in Thy name,
 Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
 Find in Thee the way to heaven.

Jesus roll away this stone !
 Good Physician, show Thy art !

Make Thy healing virtue known ;
 Break the unbelieving heart
 By Thy bloody cross subdue ;
 Tell them, " I have died for you !"

Let Thy dying love constrain
 Those who disregard Thy frown,
 Sink the mountain to a plain ;
 Bring the pride of sinners down ;
 Soften the obdurate crowd ;
 Melt the rebels with Thy blood !

HYMN 110.

For the fulness of the Spirit.

COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
 Into every longing heart !
 Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
 Now Thy blissful self impart.
 Sign our uncontested pardon ;
 Wash us in th' atoning blood ;
 Make our hearts a water'd garden ;
 Fill our spotless souls with God.

If Thou gav'st th' enlarged desire,
 Which for Thee we ever feel,
 Now our panting souls inspire,
 Now our cancell'd sin reveal ;
 Claim us for Thy habitation ;
 Dwell within our hallow'd breast ;
 Seal us heirs of full salvation,
 Fitted for our heavenly rest !

Give us quietly to tarry,
 Till we all Thy glory meet,
 Waiting, like attentive Mary,
 Happy at the Saviour's feet ;
 Keep us from the world unspotted,
 From all earthly passions free,
 Wholly to Thyself devoted,
 Fix'd to live, and die for Thee !

Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
 Lord, we will not let Thee go,
 'Till Thou all Thy mind declare,
 All Thy grace on us bestow :
 Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
 Joy, and perfect love, impart,
 Present, everlasting heaven,
 All Thou hast, and all Thou art !

HYMN 111.

God's presence in light and darkness.

MY GOD, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights !

In darkest shades if He appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's bright morning star,
 And He my rising sun.

The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,

While Jesus shews His heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am His !"

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 112.

Hope in trouble.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all :

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 113.

Service of God, the only true pleasure.

SHALL men pretend to pleasure,

Who never knew the Lord ?

Can all the worldling's treasure

True peace of mind afford ?

They shall obtain this jewel

In what their hearts desire,

When they, by adding fuel,

Can quench the flame of fire.

Till you can bid the ocean,

When furious tempests roar,

Forget its wonted motion,

And rage and swell no more ;

In vain your expectation

To find content in sin ;

Or freedom from vexation,

While passions reign within.

Come, turn your thoughts to Jesus,

If you would good possess !

'Tis He alone that frees us

From guilt and from distress :

When he by faith is present,

The sinner's troubles cease ;

His ways are truly pleasant,

And all His paths are peace.

HYMN 114.

Deceitfulness of sin.

SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts,

To practise on the mind ;

With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young ;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food ;
Our mother took the poison there
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 115.

Salvation is by Christ alone.

NOTHING but Thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone :
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from Thee, the sov'reign good :
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchas'd by Thy blood.

Teach us, by Thy holy Spirit,
 How to mourn and not despair :
 Let us, leaning on Thy merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in pray'r.

HYMN 116.

Ebenezer.

COME Thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by angels' tongues above :
 Praise the mount, Oh ! fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither, by Thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd His precious blood.

Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it :
 Prone to leave the God I love :
 Here's my heart, Lord take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

HYMN 117.

Praise.

COME let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

“ Worthy the Lamb that died ” they cry,
 “ To be exalted thus ; ”
 “ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
 “ For He was slain for us.”

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow’r divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 118.

For the spread of the Gospel.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator’s praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer’s name be sung,
 Thro’ ev’ry land by ev’ry tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends Thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

HYMN 119.

Salvation.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay,
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heav'nly day.

Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 120.

Reign of Christ on earth.

JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
 Does his successive journies run ;
 His kingdoms stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

Where He displays His healing pow'r,
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
 His willing homage to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN 121.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !

When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?

O, when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Bless'd seats ! through rude and stormy
 scenes

I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and wo ?
 Or feel, at death, dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN 122.

Christ the believer's only hope.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll ;
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh ! receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, Oh ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from Thee I bring,

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 123.

Invitation to praise the Lord.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ners free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks, and list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN 124.

Missionary.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains,
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver,
 Their land from error's chain.

What, though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The heathen, in their blindness,
 Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high ;
 Shall we, to man benighted,
 The lamp of life deny ?—
 Salvation ! O Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole :
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 125.

Gospel times.

HOW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill !
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !

How charming is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
 Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
 He reigns and triumphs here.

How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !

How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heav'nly light !
 For righteous men desir'd it long,
 But died without the sight.

The Lord makes bare His arm
 Thro' all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 126.

Contemplation of Judgment.

THOU GOD of glorious majesty,
 To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry ;
 An half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible :
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, mine inmost soul convert !
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

Before me place in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom ?

HYMN 127.

Regeneration.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that God has giv'n,

Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of His Son,
A new peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 128.

Death easy in the prospect of heaven.

THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heav'nly land from ours :

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 To see the Canaan that we love,
 With faith's enlighten'd eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 129.

Universal good will.

LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head,

Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

Let envy, child of hell !
 Be banish'd far away ;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell
 Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 130.

Love constraining to obedience.

NO strength of nature can suffice
 To serve the Lord aright ;
 And what she has, she misapplies,
 For want of clearer light.

How long beneath the law I lay,
 In bondage and distress !
 I toil'd the precept to obey ;
 But toil'd without success.

Then, to abstain from outward sin,
 Was more than I could do ;
 Now if I feel its pow'r within,
 I feel I hate it too :

When all my servile works were done,
 A righteousness to raise ;
 Now freely chosen in the Son,
 I freely choose His ways.

“ What shall I do ?” was then the word,
 “ That I may worthier grow ?”
 “ What shall I render to the Lord ?”
 Is my enquiry now.

To see the Law by Christ fulfill'd,
 And hear His pard'ning voice,
 Changes a slave into a child,
 And duty into choice.

HYMN 131.

Salvation by grace.

GRACE 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear !

Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book :
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lord,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.

HYMN 132.

Not ashamed of Christ.

JESUS ! and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of Thee ?
Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days !

Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright morning-star ! bid darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend ;
No ; when I blush—be this my shame
That I no more revere His name.

Asham'd of Jesus ?—Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And O may this my portion be,
That Saviour not asham'd of me !

HYMN 133.

Sincere worship.

THE off'rings which to Thee arise,
Of mingled praise and pray'r,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart be there.

My off'rings will indeed be blest
If sanctified by Thee ;—
If Thy own Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

O may that Spirit warm my heart
To gratitude and praise ;
And e'en to earth's low vale impart
The rapture of the skies.

HYMN 134.

Saved by grace.

WE claim no merit of our own,
But self-condemn'd, before Thy throne,
Our hopes on Jesus place ;

In heart, in lip, in life, deprav'd,
Our theme shall be, a sinner sav'd,
And praise redeeming grace.

We'll sing the same while life shall last,
And when, at the Archangel's blast,
Our sleeping dust shall rise,
Then in a song for ever new,
The glorious theme we'll still pursue
Throughout the azure skies.

Prepar'd of old, at God's right hand,
Bright everlasting mansions stand,
For all the blood-bought race ;
And till we reach those seats of bliss,
We'll sing no other song but this,
" Salvation all of grace."

HYMN 135.

Anticipation of Heaven.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel,
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saint's secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope !
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,
 It brings to life the dead :
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.

In hope of that ecstatic hour,
 Jesus, we now the cross endure,
 And at Thy footstool fall ;
 Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God be all in all !

HYMN 136.

“ Set your affections on things above.”

ARISE, my soul, thy fetters burst,
 The world despise with all its joys,
 Oft are its richest bounties curs'd
 And all its charms are gilded toys.

Leave the dull clay, and soar above ;
 For there He dwells—thy bliss, thy
 crown,
 Thy life, the centre of thy love !—
 Jesus, a name of blest renown !

Should hell's black legions all arise,
 Or Sinai's thunders round thee roar ;
 Mercy will lead thee to the skies,
 And shield thee from their utmost
 pow'r.

Mount then, my soul—by faith ascend,
 And now begin thy heav'nly joy ;
 One smile from thine Almighty Friend
 Will a whole world of foes destroy.

HYMN 137.

Taking up the cross.

AND must I part with all I have,
 Jesus, my Lord, for Thee ?
 This is my joy, since Thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.

Yes let it go :—one look from Thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compar'd with Thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair !

Saviour of souls, while I from Thee
 A single smile obtain,
 Tho' destitute of all things else,
 I'll glory in my gain.

HYMN 138.

Seeking after God.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depths unfathom'd no man knows,
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 And deeply sigh for Thy repose ;
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till I find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun

That strives with Thee my heart to share ?

Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,

And govern every motion there !

Then shall my heart from earth be free,

And find its whole delight in Thee.

O crucify this self, that I

No more, but Christ in me, may live ;

Bid all my vile affections die,

Nor let one hateful lust survive :

In all things nothing may I see,

Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

HYMN 139.

The pow'r of worldly thoughts lamented.

THEE, dearest Lord, my heart adores ;

I would be Thine, and only Thine ;

To Thee my heart, and all its pow'rs,

I would with full consent resign.

But ah, this weak, inconstant mind,

How frail, how prone from Thee to stray !

Trifles as empty as the wind,

Can tempt my roving thoughts away.

Sure I am Thine—or why this load

When earthly vanities beguile ?

Why do I mourn an absent God,

And languish for Thy cheering smile ?

If Thou return, how sweet the joys,

Though mix'd with penitential smart :

Then I despise each tempting toy,

And long to give Thee all my heart.

Come, Lord, Thy sov'reign pow'r disp
 Resistless pow'r of love divine !
 And drive these hated foes away,
 And make me Thine—entirely Thine

HYMN 140.

“ Thou knowest that I love Thee.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart and see ;
 And turn each cursed idol out,
 That dares to rival Thee.

Do not I love Thee from my soul ?
 Then let me nothing love :
 Dead be my heart to every joy
 When Jesus cannot move.

Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
 I would disdain to feed ?
 Hast Thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear Thy cause to plead ?

Would not my ardent spirit vie
 With angels round the throne,
 To execute Thy sacred will,
 And make Thy glory known ?

Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest
 Lord ;

But oh, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys
 And learn to love Thee more.

HYMN 141.

Retirement.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far,
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With pray'r and praise agree ;
 And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow Thee.

Here if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode ;
 Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !

Here, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her sweet, her grateful lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author, and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour, Thou art mine !

HYMN 142.

Jesus the believer's rest.

DELUSIVE world, farewell !
 By grief, and sin distress'd,
 On one delightful thought I dwell,—
 That thou art not my rest.

Once thou wert all I sought
 To fill this anxious breast ;
 And then it was a mournful thought,
 That thou wert not my rest.

But oft would guilt appear,
 In legal horrors dress'd,
 And many a sad, foreboding fear,
 Denied my hope of rest.

And long with heartfelt pain,
 By inward foes oppress'd,
 Some friendly hand I ask'd in vain,
 To point a place of rest.

Till, hast'ning from above,
 A self invited guest,
 The Saviour, with a smile of love,
 Proclaim'd Himself my rest.

HYMN 143.

The saint's rest.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all Thy people known ;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 Where Thou art loved alone.

Celestial Spirit, make me know
 That I shall enter in ;
 Now, Saviour, now, Thy power bestow,
 And wash me from my sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove ;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of Thy love.

HYMN 144.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence, my all shalt be ;
 Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heav'n are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me :
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame, and treasure,
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
 In Thy service pain is pleasure,
 With Thy favour loss is gain.
 I have call'd Thee, Abba, Father,
 I have set my heart on Thee,
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

HYMN 145.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

MAN may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive to Jesus' breast,

Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me,
 Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
 Joy to find in ev'ry station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine,
 Think what Jesus did to win thee ;
 Child of heav'n, canst thou repine ?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r,
 Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there :
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass to pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

HYMN 146.

Apostacy.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
 Alas ! what numbers do ;
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 " Wilt thou forsake me too !"

Ah ! Lord, with such a heart as mine,
 Unless Thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall, decline,
 And prove like them at last.

Yet Thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 To whom, or whither, should I go,
 If I should turn from Thee ?

No voice but Thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 No love but Thine can make me bless'd,
 And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has that question stirr'd,
 " If I will also go ?"
 Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,
 I humbly answer, " No."

HYMN 147.

Gratitude for pardon and grace.

'TIS from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin ;
 His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
 And wash'd our souls from sin.

His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
 Its sacred fire imparts,
 Refines our dross ; and love divine
 Rekindles in our hearts.

Hence, raised from death, we live anew
 And, justified by grace,

We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

Let all who hold this faith and hope,
In holy zeal abound ;
Thus faith approves itself sincere,
By active virtue crown'd.

HYMN 148.

For grace to follow Christ.

JESUS, Thou man of sorrows, born,
To suff'ring here below,
To toil through poverty to scorn,
Through weakness, and through woe.

Immanuel ! who by ev'ry grief,
By each temptation tried,
Has lived to yield our wants relief,
And, to redeem us, died.

If, gaily cloth'd, and proudly fed,
In careless ease we dwell ;
Remind us of Thy manger-bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

If press'd by penury severe,
In envious want we pine,
May conscience whisper in our ear,
A poorer lot was Thine.

From all the viewless snares of sin,
Preserve us firm and free ;
As Thou, like us, hast tempted been,
May we rejoice with Thee.

HYMN 149.

Setting the Lord always before us.

SAVIOUR ! when night involves the skies,
 My soul, adoring, turns to Thee ;
 Thee, self-abased, in mortal guise,
 And wrapt in shades of death for me.

On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
 When crimson gleams the East adorn ;
 Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

When noon her throne in light arrays,
 To Thee my soul, triumphant, springs ;
 Thee, robed in glory's endless blaze,
 Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
 To death and Thee my thoughts I give ;
 To death, whose pow'r I soon must feel ;
 To Thee with whom I trust to live.

HYMN 150.

The dying believer to his soul.

DEATHLESS principle, arise !
 Soar, thou native of the skies !
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To His glorious likeness wrought.

Burst thy shackles, quit thy clay,
 Sweetly breathe thyself away :
 Singing, to thy crown remove ;
 Swift of wing, and fir'd with love !

Shudder not to pass the stream ;
 Venture all thy care on Him ;
 Him,—whose dying love and pow'r
 Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

See the haven full in view !
 Love divine shall bear thee through :
 Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail,
 Trust to that propitious gale !

HYMN 151.

Peace to the departed Saint.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below ;
 Go, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go !
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
 Shews the purchase of His merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast ;
 To His uttermost salvation.
 To His everlasting rest ;
 For the joy He sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain,
 Die, to live a life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 152.

Zion.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !

He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for His own abode ;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy pure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 To supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
 Never fails, from age to age.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am ;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 153.

Blessedness of Religion.

WEARY souls, that wander wide,
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus crucified,
 Fly to those dear wounds of His :
 Sink into the purple flood : Rise into the life of
 God.

Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown :
 By His pain He gives you ease,
 Life by His expiring groan :
 Rise exalted by His fall ; find in Christ your
 all in all.

O believe the record true ;
 God to you His Son hath giv'n !
 Ye may now be happy too :
 Find on earth the life of heav'n :
 Live the life of heaven above, all the life of
 glorious love.

This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul design'd ;
 God's original promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind ;
 Blest in Christ this moment be ! blest to all
 eternity !

HYMN 154.

Instruction to sinners.

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
 All who groan beneath your load ;
 Jesus calls His wanderers home :
 Hasten to your pardoning God.

Come ye guilty souls, oppress'd,
 Answer to the Saviour's call :
 " Come, and I will give you rest ;
 " Come, and I will save you all."

Burden'd with a world of grief,
 Burden'd with our sinful load,

Burden'd with this unbelief,
 Burden'd with the wrath of God :

Lo ! we come to Thee for ease,
 True and gracious as Thou art,
 Now our groaning souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

HYMN 155.

God's sparing mercy to believers.

RIGHTEOUS GOD ! whose vengeful phials

All our fears and thoughts exceed,
 Big with woes and fiery trials,
 Hanging, bursting o'er our head :
 While Thou visitest the nations,
 Thy selected people spare ;
 Arm our caution'd souls with patience,
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

If Thy dreadful controversy
 With all flesh is now begun,
 In Thy wrath remember mercy ;
 Mercy first and last be shewn :
 Plead Thy cause with sword and fire,
 Shake us till the curse remove,
 Till Thou com'st, the world's desire,
 Conquering all with sovereign love.

Every fresh alarming token
 More confirms the faithful word ;
 Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)
 Must be suddenly restored :

Vanish, then, this world of shadows ;
 Pass the former things away :
 Lord appear ! appear to glad us
 With the dawn of endless day !

HYMN 156.

Living, or dying, we are the Lord's.
 BY faith we find the place above,
 The rock that rent in twain ;
 Beneath the shade of dying love,
 And in the cleft remain.

Jesus, to Thy dear wounds we flee,
 We sink into Thy side :
 Assured that all who trust in Thee
 Shall evermore abide.

Then let the thundering trumpet sound ;
 The latest lightning glare ;
 The mountains melt ; the solid ground
 Dissolve as liquid air ;

Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
 When nature is destroy'd,
 And no created thing remains
 Throughout the flaming void.

The power omnipotent assume ;
 Thy brightest Majesty !
 And when Thou dost in glory come,
 My Lord, remember me !

HYMN 157.

Heaven seen with the eye of faith.
 AWAY with our sorrow and fear !
 We soon shall recover our home ;

The city of saints shall appear ;
 The day of eternity come :
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode ;
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.

Our mourning is all at an end,
 When, raised by the life-giving Word,
 We see the new city descend
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord :
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air ;
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there !

No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is follow'd by night,
 Where Jesus' beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light :
 The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
 And lo ! by reflection they shine,
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine !

HYMN 158.

Final triumph of believers.

What are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noonday sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light ;
 Nearest the eternal throne ?

These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood ;
 Sufferers in His righteous cause,
 Followers of the dying God.

Out of great distress they came,
 Wash'd their robes by faith below
 In the blood of Christ the Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow :
 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er ;
 They have all their sufferings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more.

HYMN 159.

The freeness of Gospel mercy.

A FOUNTAIN of life and of grace
 In Christ, our Redeemer, we see,
 For us, who His offers embrace,
 For all it is open and free :
 Jehovah Himself doth invite,
 To drink of His pleasures unknown ;
 The streams of immortal delight,
 That flow from His heavenly throne.

As soon as in Him we believe,
 By faith of His Spirit we take ;
 And freely forgiven, receive
 The mercy for Jesus' sake :
 We drink a pure draught of His love ;
 The life of eternity know ;
 Angelical happiness prove ;
 And witness a heaven below.

HYMN 161.

Mourners convinced of sin.

AUTHOR of faith, to Thee I cry,
 To Thee, who would'st not have me die,
 But know the truth and live :
 Open mine eyes to see Thy face,
 Work in my heart the saving grace,
 The life eternal give.

Shut up in unbelief I groan,
 And blindly serve a God unknown,
 Till Thou the veil remove,
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And write Thy name upon my heart,
 And manifest Thy love.

Thou bidd'st us knock, and enter in,
 Come unto Thee, and rest from sin,
 The blessing seek and find :
 Thou bidd'st us ask Thy grace, and have :
 Thou can'st, Thou would'st, this moment save,
 Both me, and all mankind.

HYMN 162.

Jesus Almighty to save.

JESUS, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
 The weary sinner's friend !
 Come to my help, pronounce the word,
 And bid my troubles end.

Thou can'st o'ercome this heart of mine ;
 Thou wilt victorious prove ;
 For everlasting strength is Thine,
 And everlasting love.

Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
 Unconquerable sin ;
 Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
 And write Thy law within.

Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy voice ;
 The blind his sight receive ;
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice ;
 The heart of stone believe.

The Ethiop then shall change his skin ;
 The dead shall feel Thy power ;
 The loathsome leper shall be clean ;
 And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 163.

Communion with God.

TALK with us Lord, Thyself reveal,
 While still on earth we move ;
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
 The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing, we forget
 All time, and toil, and care ;
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If Thou, my God, art there.

Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;
 My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
 And echo to Thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face ;
 'Tis all I wish to seek ;
 T' attend the whispers of Thy grace,
 And inly hear Thee speak.

Let this my every hour employ,
 Till I Thy glory see,
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And find my heaven in Thee !

HYMN 164.

Christ exalted at God's right hand.

JESUS, the conqu'ror reigns,
 In glorious strength array'd,
 His kingdom over all maintains,
 And bids the earth be glad :
 Ye sons of men, rejoice
 In Jesu's mighty love ;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 To Him who rules above.

Extol His kingly pow'r ;
 Kiss the exalted Son,
 Who died, and lives, to die no more,
 High on His Father's throne ;
 Our Advocate with God,
 He undertakes our cause,
 And spreads through all the earth abroad
 The victory of His cross.

That bloody banner see !
 And, in your Captain's sight,
 Fight the good fight of faith with Me,
 My fellow-soldiers, fight !
 In mighty phalanx join'd
 To battle all proceed ;
 Arm'd with th' unconquerable mind
 Which was in Christ your Head.

HYMN 165.

Watch and Pray.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And clothe it for the sky ;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;—
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !

Arm me with jealous care
 As in Thy sight to live ;
 And O ! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give !
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely !
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN 166.

The promised Land.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains ;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair ;

For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.—

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine
For Thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise and join,
The chorus of the sky.

HYMN 167.

Value of Christ's righteousness.

NO more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done,
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

Yes and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne ;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 168.

Witness of the Spirit.

WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 Some tokens of Thy grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n ?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And shew my sins forgiv'n ?

Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear Thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of His love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And Thy soft wings, Celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 169.

Heavenly joy on earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song of sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from the place !
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing,
 That never knew our God,
 But children of the heav'nly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below,
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Sion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 170.

Praise to God.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy,
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity Thy love ;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 171.

Christ the Deliverer of His people.

COME Thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free ;
 From our sins and fears release us ;
 Let us find our rest in Thee.
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints Thou art ;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver ;
 Born a Child, and yet a King ;
 Come, to reign in us for ever ;
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring :
 By Thine own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

HYMN 172.

" God be merciful to me a sinner."

LORD, at Thy feet we sinners lie,
And stand at mercy's seat,
With heavy heart, and downcast eye,
Thy favour we intreat.

'Tis mercy, mercy we implore ;
O may Thy pity move !
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And Thou Thyself art Love.

O for Thine own, for Jesu's sake,
Our many sins forgive !
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, soon relieve.

Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And Thy dominion own ;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess Thy throne.

HYMN 173.

Christ crucified and glorified.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, Thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour ;
Bearer of our sin, and shame :
By Thy merits we find favour :
Life is given through Thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid :
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made :
 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood :
 Opened is the gate of heaven ;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide ;
 All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side :
 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

HYMN 174.

Comfort under affliction.

WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few ;
 On Him I lean, who not in vain,
 Experienc'd every human pain :
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismay'd my spirit dies ;
 When writhing on the bed of pain,
 I supplicate for rest in vain ;
 Still, still my soul shall think on Thee,
 Thy bloody sweat and agony !

And Oh ! when I have safely past
 Thro' ev'ry conflict but the last ;
 Wilt Thou, who once for me hast bled,
 In all my sickness make my bed ;
 Then bear me to that happier shore,
 Where Thou shalt mark my woes no more ?

HYMN 175.

Christ King of saints.

REJOICE ! the Lord is King !
 Your God and King adore ;
 Loud hallelujahs sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice !

Rejoice ! the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When He had purg'd our stains,
 He took His seat above :
 Lift up, &c.

His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven :
 The keys of death and hell
 Into His hands are given :
 Lift up, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope !
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice ! "

HYMN 176.

Holy Spirit.

CREATOR SPIRIT ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on human-kind :
From sin, and sorrow set us free ;
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy :
Thrice-Holy Fount, Thrice-Holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe ;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

HYMN 177.

Praise.

IN loud exalted strains
The King of Glory praise :
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days :
But Zion, with His presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

O King of Glory ! come,
 And with Thy favour crown
 This temple as Thy dome,
 This people as Thine own :
 Beneath this roof vouchsafe to shew,
 How God can dwell with man below.

Now let Thine ear attend
 Our supplicating cries ;
 Now let our praise ascend
 Accepted to the skies :
 Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
 Spread its healing influence round.

HYMN 178.

“ Glory to God in the highest.”

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heav'n with loud hosannas rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake, and it was done :
 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose when He
 Captive led captivity.

Heav'n and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heav'ns and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No : the church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death :
 Then amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

HYMN 179.

Communion of Saints.

THE saints on earth and those above,
 But one communion make,
 Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of His grace partake.

One family, we dwell in Him,
 One Church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow ;
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

Lord Jesus, be our constant guide !
 Then when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

HYMN 180.

Heaven.

IN raptures let our hearts ascend,
 Our heav'nly seats to view ;

And grateful trace the shining path
Our rising Saviour drew.

“Up to My Father and My God
“I go,” the Conqueror cries ;
“Up to your Father and your God,
“My brethren, lift your eyes.”

And doth the Lord of glory call
Such worms, His brethren dear ?
And doth He point to heav’n’s high
throne,
And shew our Father there ?

And doth He teach my sinful lips
That lovely sound, “my God,”
And breathe His Spirit on my heart,
And shed His grace abroad ?

O world, produce a good like this,
And thou shalt have my love ;
Till then my Father claims it all,
And it shall dwell above.

HYMN 181.

Missionary.

MEN of God go take your stations ;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth :
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heav’nly birth :
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour’s matchless worth.

Of His gospel not ashamed—
 'Tis the "pow'r of God to save,"
 Go, where Christ was never named ;
 Publish freedom to the slave !
 Blessed freedom !
 Such as Zion's children have.

What though earth and hell united,
 Should oppose the Saviour's plan ?
 Plead His cause, nor be affrighted—
 Fear ye not the face of man ;
 Vain their tumult—
 Hurt His work they never can.

When expos'd to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will His own defend ;
 Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your friend :
 And His presence
 Shall protect you to the end.

HYMN 182.

Jesus, let Thy kingdom come.

HARK ! the solemn trumpet sounding,
 Loud proclaims the Jubilee :
 'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
 Grace to sinners rich and free :
 Ye who know the joyful sound,
 Publish it to all around.

Is the name of Jesus precious ?
 Does His love your spirits cheer ?

Do you find Him kind and gracious ?
 Still removing doubt and fear ?
 Think, that what He is to you,
 Such He'll be to others too.

Were you once at awful distance,
 Wandering from the fold of God ?
 Could no arm afford assistance ?
 Nothing save but Jesu's blood ?
 Think how many still are found,
 Strangers to the joyful sound.

Brethren, join in supplication,
 Join to plead before the Lord ;
 'Tis His arm that brings salvation,
 He alone can give the word,
 Father, let Thy kingdom come,
 Bring Thy wand'ring outcasts home.

HYMN 183.

Missionary.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul,—be still, and gaze ;
 See the promises advancing
 To a glorious day of grace !
 Blessed Jubilee ! let thy glorious morning
 dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary :
 Let the gospel loud resound from pole to
 pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light ;
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
 And redemption freely purchas'd, win the
 day !

Fly abroad thou mighty Gospel ;
 Win and conquer—never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply, and still increase :
 Sway Thy sceptre, Saviour, all the world
 around.

HYMN 184.

Missionary.

LAND, where the bones of our fathers are
 sleeping,
 Land, where our dear ones, and fond ones are
 weeping ;
 Land, where the light of Jehovah is shining !
 We leave thee lamenting, but not with repining.
 Land of our fathers, in grief we forsake thee !
 Land of our friends, may Jehovah protect thee !
 Land of the Church, may the light shine around
 thee ;
 Nor darkness, nor trouble, nor sorrow confound
 thee !
 God is thy God ! thou shalt walk in His bright-
 ness !
 Gird thee with joy ! let thy robes be of white-
 ness !

God is thy God, let the hills shout for gladness ;
But ah ! we must leave thee—we leave thee in
sadness.

Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean ;
Dark are our hearts ; but the fire of devotion
Kindles within ;—and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips the glad song of
salvation.

Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows !
Land of our rest ! when a few more to-morrows
Pass o'er our heads, we shall seek our cold
pillows,
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billows.

Jesus we pray for Thy Spirit to lead us ;
Jesus, we pray for Thy power to succeed us ;
Then when Thy grace from our toils shall
release us,
Thy love in the mansions of glory shall bless us.

HYMN 185.

Triumph of faith.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls ;
And mercy like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead,
And their salvation to fulfil,
Behold Him rising from the dead !

He lives ! He lives ! and sits above,
 For ever interceding there ;
 Who shall divide us from His love ?
 Or what shall tempt us to despair ?

Shall persecution or distress,
 Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
 He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
 And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

HYMN 186.

Christian race.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the Mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of every saint.

The Mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply :
 While they who trust their native strength,
 Impov'rish'd yield, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 To meet our ever-present God.

HYMN 187.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.

Jesus, my God ! I know His name,
His name is all my trust :
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 188.

Christ unseen, and loved.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear His name,
And love Him in His word.

On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon Thy grace.

And when we taste Thy love,
 Our joys divinely grow,
 Unspeakable, like those above,
 And heav'n begins below.

HYMN 189.

Living and dead faith.

MISTAKEN souls that dream of heav'n,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
 While they are slaves to lust.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a living faith unites
 To Christ, the living Head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
 'Tis faith that works by love ;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

Faith must obey her Father's will,
 As well as trust His grace ;
 A pard'ning God is jealous still
 For His own holiness.

When from the curse He sets us free,
 He makes our natures clean ;
 Nor would He send His Son to be,
 The Minister of sin.

HYMN 190.

Man's weakness and God's power.

LET others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear ;

But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone :
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first ;
Salvation to th' Almighty name,
That rais'd us from the dust.

HYMN 191.

Praise for creation and redemption.

LET them neglect Thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew Thy grace ;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of Thy praise.

'Twas He, (and we'll adore His name)
That form'd us by a word :
'Tis He restores our ruin'd frame :
Salvation to the Lord !

Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.



up at rescue near,
 struggle to be gone,
 joy is in the tear,
 And God is in the groan.

HYMN 193.

Solitary affliction.

GREAT Author of my being,
 Who seest mine inward care,
 The ills of Thy decreeing
 Enable me to bear ;
 The justice of Thy sentence
 With meekest awe to own,
 And spend in deep repentance
 My last expiring groan.

The grief beyond expressing
 To me, to me, impart ;
 I ask this only blessing—
 An humble, broken heart :
 The spirit of contrition
 O might I now receive ;
 For all my soul's ambition
 Is worthily to grieve !

Thou know'st my heart's desire
 Is only to be gone,
 And silently retire,
 And live, and die alone :

Get companion near,
 catch my latest sighs,
 ng words to hear,
 lose these weary eyes.

HYMN 192.

Sorrowful Pilgrim.

THOU wretched man of sorrow,
 Whose eyes all day o'erflow,
 Indulge thy grief, and borrow
 The night for farther woe ;
 In ceaseless lamentation
 Thy solemn moments spend,
 And groan thy expectation
 That pain, with life, shall end.

My comforts all are blasted,
 My Comforter is gone :
 The joy which once I tasted,
 O that I ne'er had known !
 The gourd, which soothed my anguish,
 Is wither'd o'er my head ;
 And faint with grief, I languish,
 To sink among the dead.

From all I suffer here,
 (If God my sins forgive,)
 From all I feel, and fear,
 I there, redeem'd, shall live ;
 No serpent to deceive me,
 No sin to stain a thought,
 No loss, or wrong to grieve me,
 Where all things are forgot.

In hope of that salvation,
 I feel a moment's rest,
 The calm of expectation
 Has stole into my breast :

I weep at rescue near,
 I struggle to be gone,
 And joy is in the tear,
 And God is in the groan.

HYMN 193.

Solitary affliction.

GREAT Author of my being,
 Who seest mine inward care,
 The ills of Thy decreeing
 Enable me to bear ;
 The justice of Thy sentence
 With meekest awe to own,
 And spend in deep repentance
 My last expiring groan.

The grief beyond expressing
 To me, to me, impart ;
 I ask this only blessing—
 An humble, broken heart :
 The spirit of contrition
 O might I now receive ;
 For all my soul's ambition
 Is worthily to grieve !

Thou know'st my heart's desire
 Is only to be gone,
 And silently retire,
 And live, and die alone :
 No sweet companion near,
 To catch my latest sighs,
 My dying words to hear,
 Or close these weary eyes.

O, for the Saviour's merit,
 The forfeiture restore,
 And land my fainting spirit
 On yonder happy shore !
 In safety waft me over
 To harbour in Thy breast,
 And let me there recover
 Mine everlasting rest.

HYMN 194.

Fortitude and self denial.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name ?
 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?
 Sure I must fight, if I must reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.
 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they're slain :
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And shall with Jesus reign.
 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine.

HYMN 195.

" O save me for Thy mercies' sake."

MERCY alone can meet my case ;
 For mercy, Lord, I cry ;
 Jesus, Redeemer, show Thy face
 In mercy, or I die.

Save me, for none beside can save ;
 At Thy command I tread
 With failing step, life's stormy wave ;
 The surge goes o'er my head.

I perish, and my doom were just ;
 But wilt Thou leave me ?—No :
 I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust ;
 I will not let Thee go.

Still sure to me Thy promise stands,
 And ever must abide ;
 Behold it written on Thy hands,
 And graven in Thy side.

To this, this only will I cleave ;
 Thy word is all my plea ;
 That word is truth, and I believe ;
 Have mercy, Lord, on me !

HYMN 196.

The house of God.

THIS is the temple of the Lord ;
 How dreadful is this place !
 With meekness let us hear His word,
 With rev'rence seek His face.

This is the homage He requires,—
 The voice of praise and prayer,
 The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
 Ourselves, and all we are.

While rich and poor for mercy call,—
 Propitious from the skies,
 The Lord, the Maker of them all,
 Accepts the sacrifice.

Well pleased, thro' Jesus Christ the Son,
 From sin He grants release ;
 According to their faith 'tis done,
 He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 197.

Christian Warfare.

SOLDIER, rest—but not for thee
 Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
 On the rock thy couch must be,
 While around thee chafes the billow :
 Thine must be a watchful sleep,
 Wearier than another's waking ;
 Such a charge as thou dost keep
 Brooks no moment of forsaking.
 Sleep, as on the battle-field,
 Girded—grasping sword and shield :
 Those thou canst not name or number
 Steal upon thy broken slumber,

Soldier, rise—the war is done ;
 Lo, the hosts of hell are flying ;
 'Twas thy Lord the battle won ;
 Jesus vanquish'd them by dying.

Pass the stream—before thee lies
 All the conquer'd land of glory ;
 Hark !—what songs of rapture rise,
 These proclaim the Victor's story.
 Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
 Quit the sword, and take the crown ;
 Triumph ! all thy foes are banish'd,
 Death is slain, and earth has vanish'd.

HYMN 198.

Christ stilling the tempest.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
 When stormy winds grew loud,
 And waves came rolling high and dark,
 And the tall mast was bow'd.
 And men stood breathless in their dread,
 And baffled in their skill—
 But One was there, who rose and said
 To the wild sea, “ Be still ! ”
 And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
 Passed through the gloomy sky ;
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,
 And sank beneath His eye.
 And slumber settled on the deep,
 And silence on the blast,
 As when the righteous fall asleep,
 When death's fierce throes are past.
 Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
 Thy mandates to fulfil,—
 So speak to passion's raging tide,
 Speak, and say,—“ Peace, be still ! ”

HYMN 199.

Power and mercy of God.

OH ! blest were the accents of early creation,
When the word of Jehovah came down from
above ;
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to love !

And mighty the tones which the firmament
rended,
When on wheels of the thunder, and wings of
the wind,
By lightning and hail, and thick darkness
attended,
He utter'd on Sinai His laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the first-born of
heaven,
(Tho' poor His apparel, tho' earthly His
form,)
Who said to the mourner, ' Thy sins are
forgiven !'
' Be whole,' to the sick, and ' Be still,' to the
storm.

Oh Judge of the world ! when arrayed in Thy
glory,
Thy summons again shall be heard from on
high ;
When nature stands trembling and naked, before
Thee,
And waits on Thy sentence, to live, or to die ;

When the heavens shall fly fast from the sound
 of Thy thunder,
 And the sun, in Thy lightnings grow languid
 and pale,
 And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave
 asunder,
 In the hour of Thy terrors, let mercy prevail.

HYMN 200.

Spiritual worship.

THOUGH glorious, O God, must Thy temple
 have been,
 On the day of its first dedication,
 When the Cherubim's wings widely waving were
 seen
 On high o'er the Ark's holy station :

Though awfully grand was Thy Majesty then,
 Yet the worship Thy gospel discloses,
 Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
 Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

This is the worship the Saviour made known,
 When she of Samaria found Him,
 By the patriarch's well, sitting, weary, alone,
 With the stillness of noon-tide around Him.

The temple that Solomon built to his name,
 Now lives but in history's story ;
 Extinguish'd long since is its altar's bright
 flame,
 And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom divine,
 Though all human fabric may falter,
 Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
 Where the fire burns unquenched on the altar !

HYMN 201.

The hour of prayer.

BLEST hour ! when mortal man retires
 To hold communion with his God,
 To send to heaven his warm desires,
 And listen to His sacred word.

Blest hour ! when earthly cares resign
 Their empire o'er his anxious breast ;
 While all around the calm divine
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.

Blest hour ! when God Himself draws nigh,
 Well pleased His people's voice to hear ;
 To list the penitential sigh,
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.

Blest hour ! for then where He resorts,
 Foretastes of future bliss are given,
 And mortals find His earthly courts
 The House of God—the Gate of Heaven.

Hail ! peaceful hour, supremely blest
 Amid the hours of earthly care !
 The hour that yields the spirit rest,
 That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

And when my hours of prayer are past,
 Oh ! may I leave these Sabbath days,
 To find eternity at last,
 A *never-ending* hour of praise.

HYMN 202.

For the Redeemer's return to His Church.

OH SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled ?

No longer might Thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach Thy gospel to the poor ?

Come Jesus ! come ! return again :

With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness !

A feeble race by passion driven,

In darkness, and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,

When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength, and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer ! rest on Thee !

So now may grace with heavenly shower

Our stony hearts prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there !

HYMN 203.

For purity of heart and life.

LORD, whose love in power excelling,

Wash'd the leper's stain away,
Jesus, from Thy heavenly dwelling,
Hear us, help us, when we pray !

From impurity and folly,
 From infuriate passion's rage,
 Evil thoughts, and hopes unholy,
 Heedless youth, and selfish age ;
 From the lusts, whose deep pollutions
 Adam's ancient taint disclose,
 From the tempter's dark intrusions,
 Restless doubt, and blind repose ;
 From the miser's cursed treasure,
 From the drunkard's jest obscene,
 From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
 Jesus ! Master ! make us clean.

HYMN 204.

For the light of God's Spirit.

LORD, we sit and cry to Thee,
 Like the blind beside the way ;
 Make our darken'd souls to see
 The glory of Thy perfect day !
 Lord ! rebuke our sullen night,
 And give Thyself unto our sight !
 Lord ! we do not ask to gaze
 On our dim and earthly sun ;
 But the light that still shall blaze
 When every star its course hath run :
 The light that gilds Thy blest abode,
 The glory of the Lamb of God.

HYMN 205.

" Our salvation is nearer than when we believed."

DARKNESS overspreads us here,
 But the night wears fast away ;

Jacob's Star will soon appear,
 Leading on eternal day !
 Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,
 Trim our lamps and stand prepar'd ;
 For our Lord strict watch to keep,
 Lest He find us off our guard.

Let His people courage take,
 Bear with a submissive mind
 All they suffer for His sake,
 Rich amends they soon will find :
 He will wipe away their tears,
 Near Himself appoint their lot :
 All their sorrows, pains, and fears,
 Quickly then will be forgot.

Tho' already sav'd by grace,
 If indeed we have believ'd ;
 Yet while sin and war have place,
 We have but a part receiv'd :
 Still we for salvation wait,
 Ev'ry hour it nearer comes !
 Death will break the prison gate,
 And admit us to our homes.

Sinners, what can you expect ?
 You who now the Saviour dare,
 Break His laws, His grace reject ;
 You must stand before His bar !
 Tremble, lest He say, " depart !"
 Oh the horrors of that sound !
 Lord, make every careless heart
 Seek Thee, while Thou may'st be
 found.

HYMN 206.

Light and glory of God's word.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine !
For such a bright display,
Which makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heav'nly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 207.

Christian warfare.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Thro' His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in His mighty pow'r,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endu'd,
 And take to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God ;

That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 You may behold your victory won,
 And stand complete at last.

HYMN 208.

Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
 What endless riches shine !
 For ever be Thy name ador'd
 For knowledge thus divine.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heav'nly pages be
 My growing, sole, delight !
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light :

Divine Instructor, glorious Lord,
 Be Thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
 And find my Saviour there.

HYMN 209.

Necessity of regeneration.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load !
 The heart unchang'd can never rise
 To happiness and God.

The will perverse, the passions blind,
 In paths of ruin stray :
 Reason debas'd can never find
 The safe and narrow way.

Can ought beneath a pow'r divine
 The stubborn will subdue ?
 'Tis Thine, Almighty Saviour, Thine
 To form the heart anew.

'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
 And upwards bid them rise,
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes,

To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live !
 A beam of heav'n, a vital ray
 Tis Thine alone to give.

HYMN 210.

Salvation to the Lamb.

POOR sinner, come, cast off thy fear,
 And raise thy drooping head ;
 Come, sing with all poor sinners here
 Jesus who once was dead.

Salvation sing : no word more meet
 To join to Jesus' name :
 Let ev'ry thankful tongue repeat
 " Salvation to the Lamb."

Saints, from the garden to the cross,
 Your conqu'ring Lord pursue,
 Who dearly to redeem your loss,
 Groan'd, bled, and died for you.

Now reigns victorious over death
 The glorious great " I am ;"
 Let ev'ry soul repeat with faith,
 " Salvation to the Lamb !"

HYMN 211.

The Heavenly Visitant.

BEHOLD, a Stranger's at the door,
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
 Has waited long, is waiting still,
 You treat no earthly friend so ill.

But will He prove a friend indeed ?
 He will : the very Friend you need ;
 The Man of Nazareth ! 'tis He !
 With garments dy'd on Calvary.

Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
 Turn out His enemy, and thine,
 That hateful hell-born monster, sin,
 And let the heav'nly Stranger in.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 If Jesus comes, He comes to reign ;
 To reign ; but with no partial sway ;
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

Sov'reign of souls ! Thou Prince of Peace !
 O may Thy gracious reign increase !
 Throw wide the doors each willing mind,
 And be His empire all mankind.

HYMN 212.

Light in darkness.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by Thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath !

Now we wait for Thine appearing :
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor benighted heart :

Come, and manifest the favour
 God hath for our ransom'd race ;
 Come Thou universal Saviour,
 Come, and bring Thy Gospel grace !

Save us now in Thy compassion,
 God of mercy, grace impart,
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Heal the wounded, broken heart.

HYMN 213.

Desponding Christian.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood
 Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

In vain the tempter spreads his wiles,
 The world no more could move,
 I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
 I lean'd upon His love.

In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw His glory shine,
 And when I read His holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.

Now when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns,
 And when the day the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.

Now Satan threatens to assail,
 And make my soul his prey,
 Yet, Lord, Thy mercies cannot fail,
 O help without delay.

HYMN 214.

Dependence.

TO keep the lamp alive,
 With oil we fill the bowl ;
 'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand
 Supplies the living stream ;
 It is not at our command,
 But still deriv'd from Him.

Beware of Peter's word,
 Nor confidently say,
 " I never will deny Thee, Lord,"
 But " grant I never may."

Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone ;
 And e'en an angel would be weak,
 Who trusted in his own.

In Jesus is our store,
 Grace issues from His throne ;
 Whoever says, " I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

HYMN 215.

Not of works.

GRACE, triumphant in the throne,
 Scorns a rival,—reigns alone,
 Come, and bow beneath her sway,
 Cast your idol-works away,
 Works of man, when made his plea,
 Never shall accepted be ;
 Fruits of pride (vainglorious worm !)
 Are the best he can perform.

Self, the god his soul adores,
 Influences all his pow'rs ;
 Jesus is a slighted name,
 Self-advancement all his aim :
 But when God the Judge shall come,
 To pronounce the final doom,
 Then for rocks and hills to hide
 All his works and all his pride !

Still the boasting heart replies,
 " What ! the worthy and the wise,
 Friends to temperance and peace,
 Have not these a righteousness ?"

Banish, ev'ry vain pretence
 Built on human excellence ;
 Perish every thing in man,
 But the grace that never can.

HYMN 216.

Dependence upon God.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child ;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Friend, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon Thy smiles,
 Till the promis'd hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

HYMN 217.

Gospel Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound !
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonement Lamb ;
 Redemption by His blood
 Through all the lands proclaim :
 The year, &c.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus, live :
 The year, &c.

The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace :
 Ye happy souls, draw near ;
 Behold your Saviour's face :
 The year, &c.

HYMN 218.

The devout soul longing after God.

OH that I knew the secret place,
 Where I might find my God !
 I'd spread my wants before His face,
 And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain ;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows what arguments I'd take,
 To wrestle with my God :
 I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.

My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones :
 He takes the meaning of His saints,
 The language of their groans.

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear ;
 He calls me to His throne of grace,
 To tell my sorrows there.

HYMN 219.

Name of Jesus.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

Dear name, the Rock on which I build ;
 My Shield and Hiding-place ;
 My never failing Treas'ry, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus ! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought :
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

HYMN 220.

Christ the Conqueror.

OH 'tis a sound shall fill the world,
 The sound of mercy through the Lamb !
 Lo ! Satan from his seat is hurl'd,
 Unable to withstand His name !
 From heav'n like light'ning see him fall,
 Struck by the arm that conquers all !

Lord, give the word ; and wak'd by Thee,
 Let many tongues Thy vict'ry tell ;
 That hopeless sinners now may see,
 That Thou hast vanquish'd death and hell ;
 Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad ;
 Let sinners now draw nigh to God !

And Thou, victorious Lord, all hail !
 Immortal honours shade Thy brow !
 When death and hell Thy friends assail,
 They find in Thee a refuge now :
 Thy name shall furnish them with arms,
 And free their soul from all alarms.

HYMN 221.

" Be Thou exalted in the whole earth."

ARM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake ,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee !

Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
" I am Jehovah, God alone,"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Arm of the Lord, Thy pow'r extend ;
Let Satan's reign of darkness end ;
Break superstition's iron chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.

Let Zion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;
And let our wand'ring eyes behold,
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold !

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name !
Let adverse pow'rs before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

HYMN 222.

Christ's salvation certain.

SHORTEN'D, O Lord, it cannot be !
That hand which plagu'd th' Egyptian
race ;

Which brought Thy people through the sea,
 Which led them through the wilderness ;
 Which hath to us so often giv'n
 Drink from the rock, and bread from heav'n :

That hand, which open'd wide mine eyes ;
 That hand, which now by faith I see,
 Measures the floods, and spans the skies,
 And grasps the winds,—and covers me !
 It brings the blind thro' ways unknown,
 It holds, it lifts them to a throne.

Kept by that hand, I cannot fear
 Lest earth or hell should pluck me thence ;
 I trample on temptation near,
 Supported by Omnipotence :
 Safe compass'd round, if Christ be mine,
 With boundless love, and pow'r divine.

HYMN 223.

Relieving Christ in His poor saints.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich Thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 How shall I count the matchless sum ?
 How pay the mighty debt ?

High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost Thou exalted shine :
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are Thine ?

But Thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of Thy grace ;
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before Thy Father's face.

In them Thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd ;
 And in their accents of distress,
 My Saviour's voice is heard.

HYMN 224.

Reconciliation.

RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Almighty grace has done.

Sing how eternal love
 Its chief-beloved chose,
 And bid Him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
 Nor terror clothes His brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardon down
 To rebels doom'd to die.

Now sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of His love,
 And take the offer'd peace.

HYMN 225.

Stand fast in the faith.

ARE we the soldiers of the cross,
 The followers of the Lamb ?

And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name ?

Now we must fight, if we would reign :
Increase our courage, Lord !
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

Suppress our shame, subdue our fear,
Arm us with heav'nly zeal ;
That we may make Thy power appear,
And works of love fulfil.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die :
They see the triumph from afar
And hail their destiny.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

HYMN 226.

Sin and holiness.

WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin !
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though each my heart by turns assail.

Now I complain, and groan, and die ;
Now raise my songs of triumph high ;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

Again the Spirit lifts His sword,
 And pow'r divine attends the word ;
 I feel the aid its comforts yield,
 And vanquish'd passions quit the field.

But short the joys those visits give ;
 How for Thine absence, Lord, I grieve !
 What clouds o'ershadow Mercy's seat,
 And intercept her rays of light !

Great God, assist me through the fight,
 Make me triumphant in Thy might :
 Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
 The vict'ry mine, and Thine the praise.

HYMN 227.

Glorying in the Cross.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross :
 The sinner's hope let men deride ;
 For this we count the world but loss.

Inscrib'd upon the cross we see
 In shining letters, " God is love :"
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.

THE CROSS ! it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
 It takes the terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure, and the pledge of love ;
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angel's theme in heaven above.

HYMN 228.

Christian unity.

JESUS, I sing Thy matchless grace,
 That calls a worm Thine own ;
 Give me among Thy saints a place,
 To make Thy glories known.

Allied to Thee, our vital Head,
 We act, and grow, and thrive ;
 From Thee divided, each is dead,
 When most he seems alive.

Thy saints on earth, and those above,
 Here join in sweet accord ;
 One body all in mutual love,
 And Thou our common Lord.

Oh, may my faith each hour receive
 Thy Spirit with delight ;
 While death and hell in vain shall strive,
 This bond to disunite.

Thou the whole body wilt present
 Before Thy Father's face ;
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

HYMN 229.

Christian warfare.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel-armour on :

March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

What, tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his wrath ?
Eternal chains confine him down,
To ceaseless torment, endless death.

What tho' thine inward lusts rebel ?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life :
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

HYMN 230.

Christ triumphant.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious :
See the Man of sorrows now
From the fight return'd victorious :
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him, crown Him ;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;

Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name :
 Crown Him, crown Him ;
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station :
 Oh, what joy the sight affords !
 Crown Him, crown Him,
 " King of kings, and Lord of lords."

HYMN 231.

Christ's all sufficiency.

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
 See in His face what wonders meet,
 Earth is too narrow to express
 His worth, His glory, or His grace.

Is He compar'd to wine or bread ?
 Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed :
 That flesh, that dying blood of Thine,
 Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

Is He a rock ? how firm He proves !
 The Rock of ages never moves ;
 Yet the sweet streams that from Him flow,
 Attend us all the desert through.

Is He design'd a corner-stone,
 For men to build their hopes upon ?
 I'll make Him my foundation too,
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.

Is He a sun ? His beams are grace,
 His course is joy, and righteousness ;
 Nations rejoice, when He appears,
 To chase their clouds, to quell their fears.

Oh ! let me climb those higher skies
 Where storms and tempests never rise !
 Where He displays His pow'r abroad,
 And shines, and reigns th' incarnate God.

HYMN 232.

Power of faith.

OUR banner is th' eternal God,
 Nor will we yield to fear ;
 Amidst ten thousand fierce assaults,
 His mighty aid is near.
 To Him the hands of faith we stretch,
 And plead experienc'd grace ;
 To Him the voice of pray'r we raise,
 Nor will He hide His face.

Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,
 Our nation's cause to plead ;
 Nor let Thy people's foes and Thine,
 By wickedness succeed.

Our fainting hands, how soon they drop !
 But Thou the weak can'st raise ;
 And in the mount of pray'r cans't build,
 An altar to Thy praise.

HYMN 233.

Salvation.

SALVATION, O melodious sound
 To wretched dying men !

Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again !

Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains !
Rais'd to a Paradise of bliss,
Where love and glory reigns !

But O, may a degen'rate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine ?

The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

My Saviour God, no voice but Thine
These dying hopes can raise :
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.

HYMN 234.

The Christian race.

AWAKE my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine uplifted eye.

HYMN 235.

Hallelujah.

HARK the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore ;
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God Omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the abysses of the skies
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies ;
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheath'd His sword !—He speaks,
 'tis done ;

And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign, from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heav'ns have passed away :
 Then the end ;—beneath His rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah, Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

HYMN 236.

The world.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
 I laugh'd, and talk'd, and danc'd, and sung :
 And proud of health, of freedom vain,
 Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain ;
 Concluding in those hours of glee,
 That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
 When sickness shook this trembling frame,
 When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
 And I would dance, and sing no more,
 It then occur'd, how sad 'twould be,
 Were this world only, made for me !

HYMN 237.

An emblem of a departing saint.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below ,
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
 E'en in its very motion there was rest,
 While every breath that chanc'd to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.

Emblem, me thought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe, the beam of bliss is given,
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven :
 When to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

HYMN 238.

Traveller's Hymn.

HOW are Thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence !

In foreign lands, and realms remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Think, O my soul ! devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord !
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

HYMN 239.

A vow of praise.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

HYMN 240.

Hope in the Resurrection.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room,
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

Break from thy throne, illustrious morn !
 Attend, O earth ! His sov'reign word :
 Restore thy trust to life new-born,
 He must ascend to meet His Lord.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the lovely sleepers here,
 And angels watch their soft repose.

So Jesus slept : God's dying Son
 Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd
 the bed ;
 Rest here, dear saint, till from His throne
 The morning break, and pierce the
 shade.

HYMN 241.

Hoping for eternal rest.

AS shipwreck'd mariners desire,
 With eager grasp to reach the shore ;
 As hirelings long to obtain their hire,
 And veterans wish their warfare o'er ;
 I languish from this earth to flee,
 And gasp for—immortality.

To heav'n I lift my mournful eyes,
 And all within me groans, " How long ?"
 O were I landed in the skies !
 The bitter loss, the cruel wrong,
 Should there no more my soul molest,
 Or break my everlasting rest.

In that Jerusalem above,
 No pain the happy spirit meets ;
 No sense of ill-requited love,
 No sad complaining in our streets ;
 Crying, and curse, and death, are o'er,
 And there temptation is no more.

O could I break this carnal fence,
 Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,—
 On angel-wings remove from hence,
 And fly this happy moment home,
 Quit the dark house of mouldering clay,
 And launch into eternal day !

HYMN 242.

Charity.

BLESS'D is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain :

To whom the supplicating eye,
Was never rais'd in vain :

Whose breast expands a gen'rous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His sweet bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow :
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

HYMN 243.

Choosing the Lord's heritage.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found :

Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest'd ;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O receive me into rest !

Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
 Where you live shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave,
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my heart no more,
 Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power—
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour ;
 " Follow me ;"—I know Thy voice !
 Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see ;
 Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
 Light Thy burden now to me.

HYMN 244.

Hope.

THERE is a thought can lift the soul
 Above the narrow sphere that bounds it,—
 A star, that sheds its mild controul,
 Brightest, when grief's dark cloud sur-
 rounds it ;
 And pours a soft pervading ray,
 Life's ills can never chase away.

When earthly joys have left the breast,
 And e'en the last fond hope it cherish'd
 Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—
 Beneath wo's withering perish'd,
 With fadeless lustre streams that light—
 A halo on the brow of night :

And bitter were our sojourn here,
 In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
 Did not that rainbow beam appear,—
 The herald of a bright to-morrow,—
 A friendly beacon from on high,
 To guide us through Eternity.

HYMN 245.

The song of Miriam.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
 sea !
 Jehovah hath triumph'd ! His people are
 free !
 Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
 brave,—
 How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath
 but spoken,
 And chariots, and horsemen, are sunk in the
 wave !
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah hath triumph'd ! His people are free !
 Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the Lord,
 His word was our arrow,—His breath was
 our sword !

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent out in the hour of her
 pride ?
 The Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of
 glory
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in
 the tide.
 Sound, &c.

HYMN 246.

Salvation only through Christ.

HOW' wretched was our former state,
 When slaves to Satan's sway,
 With hearts disorder'd and impure,
 O'erwhelm'd with sin we lay.

But, O my soul ! for ever praise,
 For ever love His name,
 Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
 Of folly, sin, and shame.

Vain and presumptuous is the trust
 Which in our works we place ;
 Salvation from a higher source
 Flows to the human race.

'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin ;
 His goodness sav'd our souls from hell,
 And cleans'd our hearts from sin.

His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
 Its sacred fire imparts,
 Refines our dross, and love divine
 Re-kindles in our hearts.

HYMN 247.

Praise to Thee, my Saviour.

TO THEE, my God, and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Almighty King of kings.

I'll celebrate Thy glory
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,

My voice in supplication,
Well pleased Thou shalt hear,
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode.

There cast my crown before Thee,
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee,
What can an angel more ?

HYMN 248.

Late repentance.

THE harvest of my joys is past,
 The summer of my comforts fled,
 Yet am I unredeem'd at last,
 And sink unsav'd among the dead,
 If on the margin of the grave,
 Thou can'st not in a moment save.

Destroy me not by Thy delay ;
 Delay is endless death to me,
 But the last moment of my day
 Is as a thousand years to Thee :
 Come Jesus, while my head I bow,
 And shew me Thy salvation now !

HYMN 249.

“ Save, Lord ! or we perish.”

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is
 streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
 gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker ! “ Save, Lord ! or we
 perish.”

O Jesus ! once rock'd on the breast of the
 billow,
 Arous'd by the shriek of despair from Thy
 pillow,
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his anguish, “ Save, Lord ! or we
 perish.”

And, Oh ! when the whirlwind of passion is
 raging,
 When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is
 waging,
 Then send down Thy grace, Thy redeemed to
 cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer ; " Save, Lord ! or we
 perish."

HYMN 250.

Prepare to meet thy God.

ARE you form'd a creature new ?
 Have you proved the Cleanser's art ?
 Can you Christ in Spirit view,
 Purified through faith your heart ?
 Rise, to meet the Bridegroom, go,
 Mingle with the virgin-row ;
 Oil you have and need not fear,
 Though this moment He appear.

These move on the narrow way,
 Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,
 Trim their lamps from day to day,
 Adding still recruits of oil :
 Doubly does the Spirit rest
 On that happy peaceful breast,
 Who himself to praying gives,
 Who a life of watching lives.

Up, go forth to meet the Lamb,
 Sleep, and slumber far depart !
 Let your lamps be all on flame,
 Want of oil will wound the heart.

Gracious sceptre of our King !
 Thee we touch, and thee we sing,
 Under thy propitious sway
 Live we, grow we, every day.

HYMN 251.

Midnight cry.

YE virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead, awake,
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take :—
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

He comes, He comes, to call
 The nations to His bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are ;
 Make ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

Ye that have here received
 The unction from above,
 And in His Spirit lived,
 Obedient to His love ;
 Jesus shall claim you for His bride ;
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

Rejoice, in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before His throne,
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

HYMN 252.

"Joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?

With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of His agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He form'd anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 253.

The house not built with hands.

WE know that when the soul, unclothed,
Shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame,
With life that cannot die.

Such are the hopes that cheer the just,
These hopes their God hath given ;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heaven.

We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on His word ;
But while this body is our home,
We mourn an absent Lord.

What faith rejoices to believe,
 We long and pant to see :
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord ! with Thee.

Impartial retributions then
 Our different lives await ;
 Our present actions, good or bad,
 Shall fix our future fate.

HYMN 254.

The Work of God in the soul.

'TIS GOD the Spirit leads,
 In paths before unknown ;
 The work to be perform'd is ours,
 The strength is all His own.

Assisted by His grace,
 We still pursue our way ;
 And hope at last to reach the prize,
 Secure in endless day.

'Tis He that works to will,
 'Tis He that works to do ;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too.

HYMN 255.

Witness of the Spirit.

SPIRIT of Truth come down,
 Reveal the things of God,
 Make Thou to us Christ's Godhead
 known,
 Apply His precious blood.

His merits glorify,
 That each may clearly see,
 Jesus who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.

No man can truly say,
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless Thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word :
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in His blood ;
 And cry with joy unspeakable,
 " Thou art my Lord, my God."

HYMN 256.

In deep affliction.

FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much and fearing more,
 Mighty God of my salvation,
 I Thy timely aid implore :
 Suffering Son of man, be near me,
 All my trials to sustain,
 By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By Thy more than mortal pain.

Call to mind that unknown anguish
 In Thy days of flesh below,
 When Thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of wo ;
 When Thou did'st our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
 Bruised by all the wrath of God.

By Thy most severe temptation,
 In that dark, satanic hour,
 By Thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse pow'r ;
 By Thy fainting in the garden,
 By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of Thy Spirit,
 By Thine outcry on the tree,
 By Thine agonizing merit,
 In my pangs remember me !
 By Thy death I Thee conjure,
 A weak, dying soul befriend ;
 Make me patient to endure,
 Make me faithful to the end.

HYMN 257.

Christ the Lord of all.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak, and small ;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye gentile sinners ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

HYMN 258.

"Ask what I shall give thee."

IF Solomon for wisdom pray'd,
 The Lord before had made him wise ;
 Else he another choice had made,
 And ask'd for what the worldlings prize.

Thus He invites His people still,
 He first instructs them how to choose,
 Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
 Assur'd that He will not refuse.

So when our hearts perceive His worth,
 Desires, till then unknown, take place ;
 Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
 But pant for holiness and grace.

And dost Thou say, "Ask what Thou wilt ?"
 Lord I would seize the golden hour,
 I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.

More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
 More of Thy image let me bear ;
 Erect Thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.

HYMN 259.

Recounting God's mercy.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

When worn by sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise :
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

HYMN 260.

"Glory to God in the highest."

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heav'ns a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What, though no real voice, or sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 261.

For spiritual illumination.

COME, Holy Ghost ! our hearts inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire !
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
 The darkness of our bounded sight ;
 Anoint our heart, and cheer our face,
 With the abundance of Thy grace ;
 Keep far our foes ; give peace at home,—
 Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee of both, to be but One ;
 That through the ages all along
 This theme may form our endless song ;—
 Praise be to Thine eternal merit,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

HYMN 262.

Christ " the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

THOU art the Way—to Thee alone
 From sin, and death we flee,
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth—Thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart ;
 Thou only can'st inform the mind,
 And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
 Proclaims Thy conq'ring arm ;
 And those who put their trust in Thee
 Nor death, nor hell can harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—
 Grant us *that* Way to know,
That Truth to keep, *that* Life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 263.

God's Omnipotence.

MAY not the Sov'reign Lord on high,
 Dispense His favours as He will ;
 Choose some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just, and gracious still ?

Shall man reply against the Lord,
 And call his Maker's ways unjust ?
 The thunder of whose dreadful word,
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust.

But, O my soul, if truths so bright,
 Should dazzle and confound thy sight ;
 Yet still His written word obey,
 And wait the great decisive day.

Then shall He make His justice known,
 And the whole world, before His throne,
 With joy and terror shall confess
 The glory of His righteousness.

HYMN 264.

Frail life and succeeding eternity.

THEE we adore, Eternal name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

Good God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy, or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road :
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 265.

The light arising in darkness.

JEHOVAH ! 'tis a glorious name !
Still teeming with delight ;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
And gilds the darkest night.

What though our mortal comforts fade,
 And droop like with'ring flow'rs ?
 Nor time, nor death, can break that band
 Which makes Jehovah ours.

My cares—I give them to the wind,
 And shake them off like dust ;
 Well may I trust my all with Him,
 With whom my soul I trust.

HYMN 266.

Christian friendship.

O THAT in unfetter'd union,
 Spirit could with spirit blend ;
 O ! that in unseen communion,
 Thought could hold the distant friend !
 Who the secret can unravel,
 Of the body's mystic guest ?
 Who knows how the soul may travel,
 While unconsciously we rest ?

When at Mercy's footstool bending,
 Thou hast felt a secret glow,
 Faith and hope to heaven ascending,
 Love still lingering below ;
 Say, has ne'er the thought impress'd thee,
 That thy friend might hear thy pray'r ?
 Or the wish at least possess'd thee,
 He could then thy feeling share ?

Yes, the hour, the hour is hasting,
 Spirit shall with spirit blend ;
 Fast mortality is wasting,
 Then the secret all shall end.

Let, then, thought hold sweet communion,
 Let us breathe the mutual pray'r,
 Till in heav'n's eternal union,
 O my friend, to meet thee there.

HYMN 267.

"Love to God."

HOW sweet, Oh, my God, is Thy voice of com-
 passion,
 Which soft as the summer's dew falls on the
 mind,
 Which whispers the tidings of life and salvation,
 And casts the dark shadows of sorrow behind.

O yes ! I have known it, when kindly and
 cheering,
 It hushed the hoarse thunders of justice to
 rest ;
 It was heard, and the angel of mercy appearing,
 Pour'd the balm of relief o'er the penitent's
 breast.

And still may I hear it, while crossing life's
 ocean,
 Or borne on the billow, or breath'd in the
 gale ;
 Enkindling the flame of expiring devotion,
 And utt'ring the promise that never shall fail.

'Tis the still voice of Him who expir'd on the
 mountain,
 And breath'd out for sinners His last dying
 groan ;

His voice, who on Calvary open'd the fountain,
Of water to cleanse, and of blood to atone.

That voice, O believer ! shall cheer and protect
thee,

When the cold chill of death thy frail bosom
invades ;

At its sound shall the day-star arise to direct
thee,

And gild with refulgence the valley of shades.

HYMN 268.

The dying infant.

“ CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother drown'd in woe ;
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances, let me go.

“ Lately launch'd, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood ;
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

“ Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest :
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

“ Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning toward their home ;
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

“ There, my mother, pleasures centre—
 Weeping, parting, care or wo,
 Ne’er our Father’s house shall enter—
 Morn advances—let me go.

“ As thro’ this calm, this holy dawning,
 Silent glides my parting breath,
 To an everlasting morning,
 Gently close my eyes in death.”

HYMN 269.

Resignation.

SOON will the toilsome strife be o’er,
 Of sorrow and of care,
 And life’s dull vanities no more,
 This anxious breast ensnare.

Courage my soul ! on God rely,
 Deliv’rance soon will come ;
 A thousand ways Jehovah has
 To bring believers home.

E’re first I drew the vital breath,
 From nature’s prison free,
 Crosses in number, measure, weight,
 Appointed were for me.

But Thou, my Shepherd, Friend, and Guide,
 Hast led me kindly on,
 Taught me to rest my weary head,
 On Christ “ the Corner-stone.”

So comforted, and so sustain’d,
 With dark events I strove,
 And found them, as I walk’d by faith,
 All messengers of love.

With silent and submissive awe,
 Adore a chast'ning God ;
 Revere His judgments, trust His word,
 And humbly kiss the rod.

HYMN 270.

Immortality of the soul.

THE grave is not a place of rest,
 As unbelievers teach,
 Where grief can never win a tear,
 Nor sorrow ever reach.

The eye that shed the tear is closed,
 The heaving breast is cold ;
 But that which suffers and enjoys,
 No narrow grave will hold.

The mould'ring earth and hungry worm
 The dust they lent may claim ;
 But the enduring spirit lives,
 Eternally the same.

HYMN 271.

Victory over death, and the world.

I'M going to leave all my sadness,
 I'm going to change earth for heaven :
 Where there all is peace, all is gladness ;
 There pureness and glory are given.
 Come quickly then, Jesus. Amen.

Friends, weep not in sorrow of spirit,
 But joy that my time here is o'er ;
 I go the good part to inherit,
 Where sorrow, and sin are no more.

The shadows of evening are fleeing,
 Morn breaks from the city of light,—
 This moment day starts into being,
 Eternity bursts on my sight.

The first-born redeem'd from all trouble,
 The Lamb that was slain in the throng,
 Their ardour in praising redouble ;
 Breaks not on the ear their new song ?

I'm going to tell their great story,
 To share in their transports of praise ;
 I'm going in garments of glory,
 My voice to unite with their lays.

Ye fetters corrupted, then leave me ;
 Thou body of sin, droop and die ;
 Pains of earth, cease ye ever to grieve me ;
 From you 'tis for ever I fly.
 Come quickly then, Jesus. Amen.

HYMN 272.

Rachel weeping.

O WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb,
 O Rachel, weep not so ;
 The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
 The flow'r in heav'n shall blow.

Firstlings of faith, the murderer's knife
 Has miss'd its deadly aim ;
 The God for whom they give their life,
 For them to suffer came.

Though evil were their days and few,
 Baptiz'd in blood and pain :
 He knows them whom they never knew,
 And they shall live again.

HYMN 273.

Prospect of a resurrection unto life.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
 Amid the deep'ning gloom,
 We soldiers of an injured King,
 Are marching to the tomb.

Our labours done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust
 The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
 The vital spark shall lie,
 Far o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
 To seek its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till the last angel rise and break
 The long and dreary sleep.

HYMN 274.

Mercy.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing ;
 Nor fear with Thy righteousness on,
 My person and off'rings to bring.

The terrors of law and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do ;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which His goodness began,
 The arm of His strength can complete ;
 His promise is yea and amen,
 And never was forfeited yet ;
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can make Him His purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from His love.

My name from the palms of His hands
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Imprest on His heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace ;
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heav'n.

HYMN 275.

Grateful remembrance of Christ.

REMEMBER Thee ! remember Christ !
 While mem'ry holds her place,
 Can we forget the Lord of life,
 Who saves us by His grace ?

The Lord of life, with glory crown'd,
 On heav'n's exalted throne,
 Forgets not those for whom on earth
 He heav'd His dying groan.

His glory now no tongue of man,
 Or seraph bright can tell ;
 Yet still the chief of all His joys,—
 That souls are sav'd from hell.

For this He came and dwelt on earth,
 For this His life was giv'n ;
 For this He fought and vanquish'd death !
 For this He pleads in heav'n !

HYMN 276.

Christ calling.

HOW long the time since Christ began
 To call in vain on me !
 Deaf to His warning voice, I ran
 Through paths of vanity.

He call'd me when my thoughtless prime
 Was early ripe to ill ;
 I pass'd from folly on to crime,
 And yet He call'd me still.

He call'd me in the time of dread,
 When death was full in view ;
 I trembled on my feverish bed,
 And rose to sin anew.

Yet could I hear Him once again,
 As I have heard of old,
 Methinks He should not call in vain
 His wand'rer to the fold.

O Thou that every thought dost know,
 And answerest every prayer !

Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair.

My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow :
What blessed light breaks on my soul !
My God ! I hear Thee now.

HYMN 277.

On being called a Saint.

A SAINT ! Oh would that I could claim
The privileg'd, the honour'd name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest in the saintly band !

A saint ! and what imports the name
Thus bandied in derision's game ;
" Holy and separate from sin ;
" To good, nay e'en to God, akin."

Is such the meaning of the name,
From which a christian shrinks with shame ?
Yes, dazzled by the glorious sight,
He owns his crown is all too bright.

A saint ! Oh ! scorner, give some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine,
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kingdoms in thy hand.

Oh ! for an interest in that Name,
When hell shall open its jaws of flame,
And sinners to their doom be hurl'd,
While scorned saints " shall judge the world."

How shall the name of saint be priz'd,
 Tho' now neglected, and despised,
 When truth shall witness to the Lord,
 That none but "saints must judge the
 world !"

HYMN 278.

"Set your affections on things above."

YE children of the living God,
 Attend to Jesus' voice,
 And learn the blessedness of those,
 Who make His ways their choice.

Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die ;
 With Christ our Lord you live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.

There at His Father's hand He sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair ;
 Yet owns Himself your brother still,
 And your forerunner there.

Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,
 On wings of faith and love ;
 Jesus, your choicest treasure, reigns,
 And be your hearts above.

But earth and sin will drag us down,
 When we attempt to fly ;
 Lord, send Thy strong attractive grace
 To raise us up on high.

HYMN 279.

Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye :
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
 It is—the Star of Bethlehem ;

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark ;
 My vital energies were froze ;
 Hopeless, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,—
 It was—the Star of Bethlehem !

Fairest of the stars of light,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And, through the terrors of the night,
 It led me to the port of peace :
 Now, safely moor'd,—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever, and for evermore,—
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

HYMN 280.

The believer's joy.

JESUS is our common Lord,
 He our loving Saviour is ;

By His death to life restor'd,
 Misery we exchange for bliss :
 Bliss to carnal minds unknown,
 O 'tis more than tongue can tell ;
 Only to believers shewn ;
 Glorious, and unspeakable.

Christ our Brother, and our Friend,
 Shews us His eternal love ;
 Never shall our triumph end,
 Till we take our seats above :
 Let us walk with Him in white,
 For our bridal day prepare :
 For our partnership in light,
 For our glorious meeting there.

HYMN 281.

Dead to the world.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God :
 And the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown !

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small,
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 282.

Looking to Jesus.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise,
 The brazen serpent high ;
 The wounded felt immediate ease,
 The camp forbore to die.

“ Look upwards in the dying hour
 “ And live,” the prophet cries ;
 But Christ performs a nobler cure,
 When faith lifts up her eyes.

High on the cross the Saviour hung,
 High in the heav'ns he reigns ;
 Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
 Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
 A dying world revives :
 The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 283.

Christ ever liveth to make intercession.

“ I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :”
 And sweet the joy this sentence gives !
 He lives, triumphant from the grave,
 He lives eternally to save.

He lives, to bless me with His love,
 He lives, to plead for me above :
 To comfort me whene'er I faint,
 And sooth my heaviest complaint.

He lives, that He may in me dwell,
 And save me from the pow'rs of hell ;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare,
 And soon to bring me safely there.

He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend,
 He lives, and loves me to the end ;
 He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

HYMN 284.

For Sanctification.

COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
 Let Thy bright beams arise :
 Dispel the sorrow of our minds,
 The darkness of our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,

To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And renovate the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
Our God eternally.

HYMN 285.

Witness of the Spirit.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again :
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Let doubts no more, or clouds remain :
Give me the sense of sin forgiv'n,
Sweet foretaste of approaching heaven.

O give th' indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine :
That pow'rful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine ;
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God.

HYMN 286.

The teachings of the Spirit.

COME, Blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfin'd,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

For our illumin'd eyes display,
The glorious truth Thy word reveals ;
Cause us to run the heav'nly way,
The Book unfold, and loose the seals.

Thine inward teachings make us know,
 The mysteries of redeeming love ;
 The emptiness of things below,
 And excellence of things above.

While through this dubious maze we stray,
 Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad ;
 To shew the dangers of the way,
 And guide our feeble steps to God.

HYMN 287.

Salvation by Grace.

LORD, I despair myself to heal,
 I see my sin, but cannot feel,
 I cannot till Thy Spirit blow,
 And bid th' obedient waters flow.

'Tis Thine a heart of flesh to give ;
 Thy gifts I only can receive !
 Here, then, to Thee I all resign,
 To draw, redeem, and seal,—are Thine.

With simple faith on Thee I call ;
 My Light, my Life, my Lord, my all ;
 I wait the moving of the pool ;
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.

Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure ;
 Make my infected nature pure :
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And pour Thyself into my heart.

HYMN 288.

A believer, the temple of the Holy Spirit.

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night ;
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.

Author of our new creation,
Bid us all Thy influence prove ;
Make our souls Thy habitation ;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

HYMN 289.

For a sense of pardon in Christ.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem,
Who gave His life that I might live
A life conceal'd in Him.

O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire :
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in His arms expire.

Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That kept by mercy's power,
I may from ev'ry evil cease,
And never grieve Thee more.

Nothing I ask, or want beside,
Of all in earth or heav'n ;
But let me feel Thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiv'n.

HYMN 290

Love to God.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast ;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge alas, 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear ;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move ;
 The devils know, and tremble too ;
 But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives, and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease :
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

HYMN 291.

Love not the World.

HOW vain are all things here below !
 How false, and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure hath its poison too ;
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky,
 Give but a flatt'ring light ;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends
 The partners of our blood ;
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God !

The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense ?
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Saviour ! let Thy beauties be,
 My soul's eternal food ;
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

HYMN 292.

Law and Gospel.

THE law commands, and makes us know
 What duties to our God we owe ;
 But 'tis the Gospel must reveal
 Where lies our strength to do His will.

The law discovers guilt and sin,
 And shews how vile our hearts have been ;
 Only the Gospel can express
 Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

What curses doth the law denounce,
 Against the man that fails but once ?
 But in the Gospel Christ appears,
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the law ;
 Fly to the hope the Gospel gives :
 The man that trusts the promise, lives.

HYMN 293.

Unbelief and impenitence.

LIFE and immortal joys be giv'n
 To souls that mourn the sins they've
 done,
 Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
 By faith in God's eternal Son.

Woe to the wretch who never felt,
 The inward pangs of pious grief,
 But adds to all his crying guilt,
 The stubborn sin of unbelief.

The law condemns the rebel dead,
 Under the wrath of God he lies ;
 He seals the curse on his own head,
 And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN 294.

Sinai and Sion.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest's fire and smoke ;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke ;

But we are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare His will,
 And spread His love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels cloth'd in light !
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

Behold the blest assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heav'n !
 And God the Judge of all declares,
 Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

The saints on earth, and all the dead,
 But one communion make,
 All join in Christ their living Head.
 And of His grace partake.

HYMN 295.

Unfruitfulness lamented,

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of Thy salvation, Lord ;
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of Thy word !

Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain ;
 How small a portion of Thy grace
 Doth my frail heart retain ;

Thou Great Jehovah, and my God,
 How little art Thou known
 By all the judgment of Thy rod ;
 And blessings of Thy throne.

Almighty God ! Thy power impart
 To give Thy word success ;
 Write Thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn Thy grace.

Shew my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high !
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

HYMN 296.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable ! divine !

These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know Him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

HYMN 297.

What is prayer ?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or exprest,

The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways.
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold, he prays !"

No prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God ;
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 298.

" I will praise the Lord alway."

WINTER has a joy for me
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.

Spring returns, and brings along
 Life-invigorating suns ;
 Hark the turtle's plaintive song
 Seems to speak His dying groans.

Summer has a thousand charms,
 All expressive of His worth ;
 'Tis His sun that lights and warms,
 His the air that cools the earth.

What, has autumn left to say
 Nothing of a Saviour's grace ?
 Yes, the beams of milder day
 Tell me of His smiling face.

Light appears with early morn :
 While the sun makes haste to rise,
 See His bleeding beauties dawn,
 On the blushes of the skies.

Ev'ning, with a silent pace,
 Slowly moving in the west,
 Shows an emblem of His grace,
 Points to an eternal rest.

HYMN 299.

The vanity of the world.

AH ! why should this immortal mind,
 Enslav'd by sense be thus confin'd ;
 And never, never rise ?
 Why, thus amus'd with empty toys,
 And sooth'd with visionary joys,
 Forget her native skies.

The world employs its various snares,
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
 And chain'd to earth I lie :
 When shall my fetter'd powers be free,
 And leave these seats of vanity,
 And upward learn to fly ?

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
 Invite my soul—O could I rise,
 Nor leave a thought below !
 I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
 And say to every tempting snare,
 “ Heav'n calls, and I must go.”

Heaven calls, and can I yet delay ?
 Can ought on earth engage my stay ?
 Ah ! wretched, ling'ring, heart !
 Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
 Assist and guide my upward flight,
 And bid the world depart.

HYMN 300.

Longing to depart.

YE angels who stand round the throne,
 And view my Emmanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make Him known,
 Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise ;
 He form'd you the spirits you are ;
 So happy, so noble, so good ;
 When others sunk down in despair,
 Confirm'd by His power ye stood.

Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at His feet,

His grace, and His glory display,
 And all His rich mercy repeat ;
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
 He ransom'd from death and despair :
 For you He was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

O when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song ?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong :
 I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,
 I struggle and pant to be free ;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God, and my Saviour to see !

I want to put on my attire,
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb,
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to His name ;
 I want—O I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu ;
 Your joy and your friendship to share,
 To wonder and worship with you.

HYMN 301.

Longing to be with Christ.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 O bear me, ye Cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to His throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love ;
 Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and pow'r.

Dissolve from these bonds that detain
 My soul from her portion in Thee ;
 Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
 When array'd in Thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline :

O then shall the veil be remov'd,
 And round me Thy brightness be pour'd :
 I shall meet Him whom absent I lov'd,
 I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.

And then, nevermore shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or if, yet remember'd above,
 Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
 They will be but new signs of Thy love,
 New themes for my wonder and praise.

HYMN 302.

Desire of Heaven.

O HAD I the wings of a dove,
 I'd make my escape and be gone ;
 I'd mix with the spirits above,
 Who encompass yon heavenly throne,

I'd fly from all labour and toil,
 To the place where the weary have rest ;
 I'd haste from contention and broil,
 To the peaceful abode of the blest.

Around that magnificent throne,
 Where the Lamb all His glory displays,
 United for ever in one,
 His people are singing His praise ;
 How holy, how happy are they,
 No tongue can express their delight !
 My soul, how unwilling to stay,
 Prepares for her heavenly flight.

But why do I wish to be gone ?
 Do I want from the danger to flee ?
 And shall I do nothing for One
 Who was once such a suff'rer for me ?
 Ah, Lord, let me think of the day,
 When Thou wast " rejected of men,"
 And put the base wish far away,
 And never be fearful again.

HYMN 303.

Solitude.

CHILD of the dust, I heard thee mourn :
 " Will God forsake, and not return ?
 " Unheal'd my wounds, my woes unknown,
 " Down to the grave I sink alone."

But art thou thus indeed alone,
 Quite unbefriended, and unknown ?
 And hast thou then His love forgot,
 Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot ?

Who laid His Son within the grave,
 Thy soul from endless death to save ;
 And gave His Spirit to console,
 And make thy wounded bosom whole ?

Each flutt'ring hope, each anxious fear,
 Each lonely sigh, each lonely tear,
 To thine Almighty Friend are known,
 And say'st thou, " thou art all alone ? "

HYMN 304.

Sin and Death vanquished.

JESUS who died the world to save,
 Revives and rises from the grave,
 By His almighty pow'r,
 From sin, and death, and hell, set free,
 He captive leads captivity,
 And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up, and see
 Your Saviour cloth'd in majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb :
 Repress your griefs, cast off your fears,
 In heav'n your mansions He prepares,
 And soon will take you home.

His church is still His joy, and crown,
 He looks with love and pity down
 On those He did redeem :
 He tastes their joys, He feels their woes,
 And prays that they may spoil their foes,
 And ever reign with Him.

HYMN 305.

Law and Gospel.

THE God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of gospel grace
Invites us now to seek His face.

He wears no terrors on His brow,
He speaks in love from Zion now :
It is the voice of Jesus' blood,
Calling poor wanderers home to God.

Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds !
" Pardon and grace I freely give ;
Poor sinner, look to Me, and live."

O Saviour, let Thy pow'r be felt,
And cause each stony heart to melt ;
What arguments can touch, or move
The heart that slights a Saviour's love !

HYMN 306.

Glorious in the Cross.

The vital savour of His name
 Restores their fainting breath ;
 But unbelief perverts the same
 To guilt, despair, and death.

Now, now, O Lord, Thy heav'nly grace
 In rich effusion give ;
 The preaching of Thy gospel bless,
 That dying souls may live.

HYMN 307.

Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
 Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,
 Jesus, no other name but Thine
 Can save us from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God ;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

No other name will heaven approve ;
 Thou art the true, the living Way,
 Ordain'd by everlasting love,
 To the bright realms of endless day.

HYMN 308.

The Lord is my Rock, and Fortress.

JESUS, my rock and refuge too,
 My hiding place when foes pursue ;
 My sun, my shield, my fortress strong,
 My sweetest note in ev'ry song.

Thou art the prize to which I press,
 My wisdom, and my righteousness ;
 My surety, bound my debts to pay ;
 My light, my love, my life, my way.

My advocate before the throne,
 My firm support, my corner stone,
 My anchor sure—when storms arise,
 My bread descending from the skies.

My ransom Thou, when Adam's fall,
 In guilt and ruin delug'd all,
 My tree of life, whose leaves have been,
 A balm to heal the wounds of sin.

While life endures, and breath remains,
 In pungent sorrows, joys, or pains,
 Still let Thy love my song engage,
 And tell the wonders of Thy grace.

HYMN 309.

God reconciled in Christ.

DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,
 Who can resist Thy heav'nly love,
 Or trifle with Thy blood ?

'Tis by the merits of Thy death
 The Father smiles again ;
 'Tis by Thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find :

The Holy, Just, and Sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins :
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

HYMN 310.

Redeeming Love.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name :
Ye, who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your anxious fears ;
See the guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to His sacred rest ;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

When His Spirit leads us home,
 When we to His glory come,
 We shall all the fulness prove
 Of our Lord's redeeming love.

HYMN 311.

Christ's all sufficiency.

THOU hidden source of calm repose ;
 Thou all sufficient love divine ;
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if Thou art mine ;
 And, lo, from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above ;
 Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love ;
 To me with Thy dear name are giv'n,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain :
 The med'cine of my broken heart,
 In war my peace, in loss my gain !
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame my glory, and my crown.

In want my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness my almighty pow'r :
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour ;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
 My life in death, my heav'n in hell.

HYMN 312.

Prayer for Christ's kingdom.

SON of Thy Sire's eternal love,
 Take to Thyself Thy mighty pow'r,
 Let all earth's sons Thy mercy prove,
 Let all Thy bounteous grace adore ;
 The triumphs of Thy love display !
 In every heart reign Thou alone,
 Till all Thy foes confess Thy sway,
 And glory ends what grace begun.

Spirit of grace, and health, and pow'r ;
 Fountain of light, and love below ;
 Abroad Thy healing influence show'r,
 O'er all the nations let it flow ;
 Inspire our hearts with perfect love,
 In us the work of faith fulfil ;
 So not heav'n's host shall swifter move,
 Than we on earth to do Thy will.

Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
 Thy children's wants a fresh supply :
 Thou cloth'st the lillies of the field,
 And hearest the young ravens cry !
 On Thee we cast our care ; we live
 Through Thee, who know'st our ev'ry need ;
 O feed us with Thy grace, and give
 Our souls, this day, the living bread !

HYMN 313.

Imploring the Divine presence in prayer.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, to sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

Lord we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
O rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

HYMN 314.

Jesus glorified.

FAR above yon glorious ceiling,
Of the azure vaulted sky ;
Jesus sits His grace revealing,
To the splendid troops on high.

Hosts seraphic, humbly bowing,
At His footstool prostrate fall ;
Saints and angels all avowing
God in Christ, their all in all.

O that each of us possessing
 God's salvation here below,
 May by His own gracious blessing,
 All His glory long to know.

HYMN 315.

To be ever with the Lord.

BREATHE, gracious Spirit ! on my heart,
 And strength and liberty impart,
 To aid the tuneful sound :
 Sweetly inspire my soul to sing
 Jesus, my Saviour, God and King ;
 In Him may I be found.

Let the proud sons of earth proclaim
 Their thirst for honour's empty name,
 To make their joys abound ;
 I seek for honours from above
 The fruits of Christ's eternal love ;
 In Him may I be found.

When life and earthly joys shall fail,
 When passing thro' the gloomy vale,
 His love shall me surround :
 And when I at His bar appear,
 And from His lips my sentence hear,
 In Him shall I be found ?

When from the dust of earth I rise,
 And join the triumph of the skies,
 To glory's utmost bound ;
 'Tis this shall make my anthems sweet,
 And all my heav'nly bliss complete,
 That I in Him am found.

HYMN 316.

Dependence on Christ.

WHEN, O my Saviour, when shall I
 Behold Thee all serene,
 Blest in perpetual Sabbath-Day,
 Without a veil between ?

Assist me while I wander here,
 Amidst a world of cares ;
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my pray'rs.

Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
 To be my Guide and Friend,
 To light my path to ceaseless joys,
 To Sabbaths without end.

HYMN 317.

Christ a refuge in distress.

O GOD ! my heart within me faints,
 And pours in sighs her deep complaints ;
 Yet many a thought shall linger still,
 By Carmel's height, and Tabor's rill,
 The Olive Mount my Saviour trod,
 The rocks that saw, and own'd their God.

The morning beam that wakes the skies,
 Shall see my matin incense rise ;
 The ev'ning seraphs as they rove,
 Shall catch the notes of joy, and love,
 And sullen night with drowsy ear,
 The still repeated anthem hear.

My soul shall cry to Thee, O Lord,
 To Thee, Supreme, Incarnate Word,
 My Rock and Fortress, Shield, and Friend,
 Creator, Saviour, Source, and End ;
 And Thou wilt hear Thy servant's pray'r,
 Though death, and darkness speak despair.

Ah ! why by passing clouds oppress'd,
 Should harrowing thoughts distract thy breast ?
 Turn—turn to Him in ev'ry pain,
 Whom never suppliant sought in vain ;
 Thy strength, in life's unruffled day ;
 Thy hope, when joy has passed away.

HYMN 318.

Doxology.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour !
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !

Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other, and the Lord,
 And possess in sweet communion
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN 319.

Dismissal.

LORD dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace,
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For the Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts, and lives abound :
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found !

So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey :
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

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ERRATA.

Hymn 19, line 4, for "Pharoah," read "*Pharaoh.*"

" 85, " 15, for "Tell," read "*Fill.*"

" 145, " 22, for "to," read "*thy.*"

" 148, " 3, for "to," read "*and.*"

" 277, " 18, for "open," read "*ope.*"

" 286, " 5, for "For," read "*'Fore.*"

" 293, " 1, for "be," read "*are.*"

